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A SCENE FROM THE SIGNET RING,

A MANUSCRIPT PLAY.

[Philip of Spain, enamored of the Princess Eboli, employs his confidential Secretary, Garcias, in the prosecution of his suit. The lady is better pleased with the Secretary than with his master, and secretly marries him. Philip discovers the perfidy of his servant, and resolves on a deep revenge. Garcias kills a man in a duel, (at the instigation of the King,) and the tyrant seizes the opportunity of gratifying his vengeance. The Secretary is condemned. In the following scene, the Princess seeks the King, to beg her husband's life.]

ACT V.—SCENE I.—*An apartment in the palace. The King and a Secretary discovered at a table with papers.*

SECRETARY. The order is prepared, my liege.

KING. What is the hour appointed for his death?

SEC. Eight of the morning, Sire.

KING. Give me the pen. [*Signs the order.*
So, 't is done.

SEC. My gracious liege, here is an humble prayer,
Subscribed with many names of worth and note,
Suing for mercy in the criminal.

KING. We will not read it; were we to exert
The pard'ning power of our prerogative,
To screen from justice one whom it is known
Was our most trusted servant and our friend,
The public voice might well impeach our rule
Of partial bias and invidious love.

SEC. Must, then, your royal favor close the door
Of mercy on the hapless criminal?

KING. Even so. How is the night?

SEC. Nearing its noon, my liege.

KING. That instrument of death—is it not signed?

SEC. My gracious lord, it is.

KING. Well, sir, your duty then. [*Exit Sec'ry, with paper.*
The iron circle of relentless Fate
Narrows, each moment now, its dreadful bounds,
And in a few hours more will crush his heart;
And yet this inward gnawing ceases not,
Nor is the fever of my soul assuaged.
Revenge is impotent, and hot Desire
But bounds more madly at his bloody spur.

Enter a gentleman.

GENT. Please it your Majesty, a lady, veiled,
Importunes much admission to your Grace.

KING. Admit her, sir. [*Exit gentleman.*
Have I, then, bent that stubborn soul at last?
She comes; but oh, how poor my triumph yet!

Enter PRINCESS EBOLI.

What shrouded loveliness approaches us
With this dejected mien? Lady, remove
That sable cloud that rests upon thy brow,
And let us know our mournful visiter. [*She unveils.*
The beauteous lady Eboli! What chance,
Thrice fortunate, procures for us this grace?

PRINCESS. I am a suitor to your Majesty.

KING. And we most happy in the power to grant,
To such petitioner, whate'er is asked.

PRIN. I do beseech your Majesty, if e'er
There entered in your royal breast a thought
That bore unto myself a closer aim
Than common courtesy might warrant—or
If e'er my hapless fortune has ordained
That I should move, by any act of mine,
Your high displeasure, that you now will deign
To drop the mantle of forgetfulness
On the irrevocable past;
And wiping from your royal memory
All record, good or ill, of my sad self,
That you will see me merely as I am:
Your subject, and a woman—a most sad
And wretched one!—whose only hope
—Under the unseen Ruler of the Skies—
Lies in the mercy of your royal heart.

KING. What plea is this needs such exordium?
Believe me, fair one, you do wrong your cause
By charging me to drown the memory
Of those sweet moments of most chaste delight
Your favor granted me. If you would ask
Some boon of moment in our power's control,
Then charge us, by those hopes so sweetly raised,
To grant your suit; and, though it be the half
Of all my sceptre sways, I swear 't is thine.

PRIN. Oh, my good lord, look not upon the past;
Look only on my present misery.
I am a wife, my liege—a wretched wife;—
My husband, by the sharp and rigid law,
Condemned, unjustly, to a shameful death;
(For, as the heavens know, he 's innocent
Of the dark deed he 's charged with;)—and thy word
Alone can save him from his dreadful fate.

KING. Is this well said now? Dost thou come to me
To ask for mercy?—me, whom thou hast stabbed
To the heart's core with thy deep treachery,
And made the scorn and mockery of the world?
Ah! has thy wisdom left thee?—or dost come
To twit me with thy triumph, and to laugh
At the simplicity thy cunning foiled?
Mercy from me? Kneel to the thunder-bolt;—
Ask the mad waves to give thee back their prey;—
Or bid the serpent, who has wreath'd his folds
About his victim, to untwine his coil,
And let the trembler live;—do any thing
That may proclaim thee wholly, wildly mad;
But ask not me for mercy—no! no! no!

PRIN. Oh, my lord!—

KING. I tell thee, woman, that thy husband dies.

PRIN. No! no!

KING. Had all the stars, at his nativity,
United to decree him length of days,
He should not 'scape the grasp of my revenge.
I 'll have the traitor's blood, though all the earth
Were marshal'd at his side to stay my arm.

PRIN. Oh, God of Mercy help me!—See, my lord,
Thus lowly at thy feet I kneel to thee;
I own I have been culpable, and have,
With fickle arts and woman's foolish pride,
Too lightly trifled with thy royalty.
On me, then, let thy dreadful anger fall;
But spare my husband—spare the innocent!
I plead but for his life; oh, grant me that,
And let thy doom be exile, poverty,
Or aught, excepting death, that 's terrible!
Condemn us to the dreary womb of Earth;
Within the caverns of thy Indian mines
We 'll dig the glittering ore that gilds thy state;—
Toil the dark hours, unconscious of the day,
And sink, at night, upon our wretched straw,
Without a murmur, in each other blest.
Thou ne'er shalt hear of us, or see us more;
Oceans shall separate us—darkness hide;—
Our very names be stricken from the earth;
Nor e'en the tell-tale marble of the tomb
Be left to waken memory, or call
A tear from Pity on our hapless fate.

KING. What! is that haughty brow at length brought low?
Is, then, that proud, inexorable heart
At last subdued to low humility?
Beshrew our manners!—but we 're much to blame.
Arise, fair lady; nay, I say, arise.
Thou wert the idol before which we kneeled;
And though our vain idolatry hath failed,
We will not see the shrine we worship'd at
Reduced to such a sad extremity.
Behold, I give you here my Signet Ring—
A jewel all as potent as myself;
For wheresoe'er my power is recognized,
The sight of that shall make the wearer's will
As full and absolute as is the King's.
Take it;—nay, pretty trembler, fear me not!—
And though I may not bid thee ope the gates
And steal the victim of the rigid law,
Yet, whatsoe'er thy pleasure teaches thee,
That ring shall give thee power to execute.
Why, dreamer! wherefore gaze you thus?

PRIN. My lord!—the ring!—my husband 's saved! Oh God!
[*Faints in the King's arms.*

KING. Rich—rich the treasury of that fond heart!
And yet, to me, 't was locked as closely up
As miser's hoardings from a spendthrift heir.
Methinks
I could take vengeance now on those pale lips
For all the scorn they 've breathed upon my suit,
And all their falsehoods, flattering my hopes.
The ruby sentinels have left their post,
And the pale gates of breath, without a guard,
Invite the sacrilege of passion's touch. [*Kisses her.*
Promethean fires are riding on her breath,
And wake new spirits in my swelling heart.
Thou cunning mockery of sleepy death,
Hold her still firmly in thy drowsy grasp,
Nor let her know this precious robbery! [*Kisses her.*

PRIN. Garcias!

KING. Adders and asps! (*Drops her suddenly from his arms.*) She stung me with his name!

PRIN. See! see! my lord! the barrier 's past—
We 're safe! we 're safe!—we 're out the bounds of Spain!
Why, this is not the rugged Pyrenees,
That we but now were climbing!—What is this?
Ah, I see! (*Seeing the ring in her hand.*) Oh, precious token!—let me fly
To use thy blessed ministry! [*Is going off hastily.*

KING. Stay, lady;—though we 've granted thee thy boon,
Yet, like a niggard, have we kept a claim—
A little claim—upon thy gratitude.

PRIN. Oh, pardon me, my gracious lord! My thoughts,
Too quickly hurried 'mid the wild extremes
Of joy and misery, had quite o'erlooked
The debt of gratitude that is your due.
Would I had power, Sire, to show my thanks
In something more than words!—or that my words
Were fit to paint the feelings of my heart!
But if a life—each hour of which will be
Made happy by thy mercy—duly spent
In thankful thoughts and daily prayers to heaven
For blessings on thy royalty, may be
Received as recompense, that shall be paid.
On earth, my liege, we ne'er may meet again.
May He who sways the sceptre of the skies
Shadow thy reign in glory! [*Going.*

KING. Stay! yet stay!
Art thou, so prodigal of Heaven's grace,
A niggard of thine own? Those lips, methinks,

Should know a way to speak their gratitude
More eloquently than in prayer. How soft
And yielding to the gentlest touch this hand!
The down that bends upon the cygnet's breast,
When first he presses the pellucid wave,
Is not more delicate than this fair palm.

PRIN. Will my lord pardon me?—Time flies apace.

KING. That such a hand should be in unity
With such a heart! Fair lady, you should wear
A glove of steel; for this thy hand would make
The winter-frozen anchorite renounce
His rigid vows, and turn idolater.

PRIN. My gracious liege, permit me to begone.

KING. By all that may be sworn by! thou art fair!
The star that lights the pensive steps of Eve
Might borrow gentle lustre from those eyes;
The foam that glitters on the Indian Sea,
Kissed by the hot breath of the wild monsoon,
Is not so milky white as that fair brow;
And Morning's blushes, when the god of Day
Lifts the light veil that wrap'd her dewy cheek,
Would pale beside the crimson of thine own.

PRIN. My gracious lord, I do beseech your grace—

KING. Ah! shall I tell thee something? Dost thou know—
Or hast thou ever thought, or ever dreamed,
How much I love thee? No, thou never hast!
The anchorite that dwells upon the mountain-top,
And, nightly kneeling on the flinty rock,
In silent solitude adores his God,
Not more devoutly worship'd than myself.
Thou wast the single idol of my soul.
Ambition was a cold, forgotten dream;
Glory was baseless; and the kingly rule
Less valued than the privilege to kneel,
An humble slave, at thy imperious foot.
And you—no! no! you spurned me not; you smiled,
And gently soothed the ardor of my suit
With words of music—whisperings of hope,
Until my heart—
Now, by yon heaven! you have wronged me much!

PRIN. My honored lord, I have confessed my fault,
And that confession toward your Grace is all
Th' atonement I can make; but on myself
I will impose a penance so severe,
Your sharpest anger shall be satisfied.
Heaven still keep your Majesty! [*Retiring*

KING. Not yet! not yet! 'T is now the mid of night;
The heavy veil of darkness wraps the earth,
And things that fright us by the light of day,
Concealed beneath this thick obscurity,
Familiarly attend upon our steps.
Dost love thy husband?

PRIN. Oh, my lord!

KING. Yet answer me.

PRIN. Why should I wound your Grace by saying that
Which your own wisdom must already see?

KING. Yet answer me.
We're not so poor in soul to shrink at words.
The heart that hath endured the arrow's barb,
May smile upon the feathers of the shaft.
Dost love, I say, the man thou 'rt wedded to?

PRIN. My lord, I do, most deeply—truly—wholly.

KING. It is religious in thee so to love;
The world applauds it, and even I myself,
Albeit I thought not once to say so, am
Right glad of it. Now what wouldst thou perform
To save this loved one from the dreadful fate
Each fleeting moment brings him nearer to?

PRIN. The poor ability that Nature gave
Our weakly sex to act or to endure
Would I to the extremest task to save him.

KING. A lily once, that drunk the dews of night,
Surcharged with pearly moisture, bowed her head
Upon the fresh lap of a verdant bank;
And there, to bask him in the moon's pale beams,
A speckled serpent trailed his noisome length,
And did defile that pure and virgin flower
With the damn'd slime of his abhorrent folds!
But it was night, and none beheld the deed.
The dawn awoke—the noxious reptile fled;
And passing there, a happy bridegroom came,
Who saw the flower—still lovely in its fall!—
And bore it to his young, expecting bride.
Amid the jetty ringlets on her brow
He twined the emblem of her virgin fame,
And none beheld upon its tarnished leaves
The traces of the loathsome serpent's coil.
Dost mark my words?

PRIN. I do, my lord; but what do they import?

KING. The easy sacrifice required of thee.
The lily showed not where the serpent slept.

PRIN. Ah!

KING. I must have vengeance!—it is deeply sworn;
Thy husband's perfidy hath pierced my heart;
But I will barter with thee blood for love.
Come, wherefore gaze you as you saw a ghost?
The time is precious; silence reigns around,
And we are here as secret as the tomb.
By all the fires that are consuming me!
This hour shall make thee mine!

PRIN. Stand back, my lord! [*A pause.*
False king and cruel gentleman! is this
Thy promised mercy to a wretched wife?
Dost make thy kingly grace a shameful bribe
To pander for thy foul, unholy will?
Out on thee, Philip!—thou hast more disgraced
Thy crown and glory by this base attempt,
Than hadst thou turned thee at the battle's frown,
And fled, a recreant, from the bloody field.
And wert thou judged by honor's law alone,
Thy belt of knighthood from thy waist wert torn,
Thy bearings canceled, and thy golden spurs
Hacked from thy heels by some rude peasant's hand!
My lord! my lord! I 'm not the thing you thought;
Though bowed by sorrow to the very ground,
Pierced to the heart with wretchedness, and nought
On earth to look to, yet I 'm not so fallen
To suit the purpose of your Majesty.

KING. Wilt yield thee?

PRIN. Never!

KING. Then thy husband dies.

PRIN. Be it so; better he should die, than live
Devoted to eternal infamy.

KING. But is it well that he should die by thee?
Oh! think how quickly now the flight of time
Brings on the morn—the fatal hour of death,
When they will lead him from his dungeon's straw
To the pall'd scaffold and the foul garrott,
Where all the city's thousands, ranged below,
Shall gaze upon the horrors of his end!
When the grim slave that serves the bloody law
Shall fit the iron collar to his neck—
The blood-stained, common, felon-choking ring,
Whose grasp has squeezed the life from out the throats
Of common stabbers, thieves and ravishers,
Whose touch—

PRIN. Hold! hold!—why will you make me mad? Oh God!
Is there no way to save him?

KING. Yes: be mine!

PRIN. My lord! my lord!—you are a man!—oh, show
Some mercy on my wretchedness! I am,
By holy and irrevocable ties,
Another's, and I must not—cannot yield
His honor to your will. Oh! but for that,
To save him from this soul-appalling fate,
I would—yes, although madness seized me after—
I would be the wretch that you would have me.

KING. Fond woman! what is honor but in thought?
And though you yield it, if it be not known,
What loss do you sustain? For this mere name—
This thing of poor opinion—you do save
The man you love from an untimely fate,
And after bless him with those conquering charms
That were his saviours. Who blames you, then?
By all the blood that flows within my veins,
Derived from many kingly ancestors,
I swear! he shall be free if you consent;
If not, he surely meets his bloody end.

PRIN. No! no! Oh, spare him!

KING] Bless me, and he lives.

PRIN. Name any thing but that, and I will yield.

KING. That, and that only.

PRIN. I 'll be thy slave for ever!

KING. Be my Queen to-night.

PRIN. Mercy! oh, mercy!

KING. Grant it first thyself.

PRIN. Oh God!—this burning brain! Spare him! spare him!

KING. His life is in thy hands. What prudery 's this?
His blood is on your head; if you refuse,
You murder him!

PRIN. No! no!—he shall not die! he shall not die!
The thought 's too horrible to be endured!
I 'll do—I 'll be—man! what wouldst have me do?

KING. A deed of charity; a deed that shall
Confer content on all thy after days.
Come, think this but a dream—as 't is no more—
And to be followed by the waking bliss
That shall attend you with the man you love.

PRIN. What mist is this that falls before my eyes?—
This hissing noise of water in my ears?
Where have I wandered to?—My lord! my lord!

KING. Here, lady, lean upon my arm.

PRIN. Oh, are you there?—'T is very strange!

KING. You are o'erwrought, and want repose; this way.

PRIN. Ay, prithee let 's to bed. Oh Garcias!

[*The King is gently leading her off, she apparently unconscious, till, as she pronounces her husband's name, she gazes fixedly upon the King, and then screams.*

Ah! [*Enter* HENRICO *hastily, followed by* FLORINDA.

HENRICO. Did my lady call?

PRIN. Yes! yes!—Ah! ah! ah!

[*Drops on her knees, with clasped hands and up turned eyes. Scene changes.*

From the Knickerbocker for October.

OLLAPODIANA.

CONTINUED.

SITTING down, good my reader, to write a few paragraphs, named of the above, I was sorely perplexed as to the number. 'Ollapodiana: Number —— *what?* By the mass, I could not tell; the time was so long; my thoughts and subjects were a broken chain; I seemed, indeed, to have but just returned from some other land, beyond the influence of days, and hours, and all those vile admeasurements of time, so rigidly observed by such as send Williams (bills, in the vulgate,) for services tendered in artizan line, and by banking institutions. Time seemed to have dissolved all partnership with my vanity, and I was well nigh upon the point of exclaiming upon him, in the tone of honest Diccon, in Gammar Gurton's Needle:

"——cut upon thee,
Above all other loutes, fye on thee!"

But I checked the malediction. "Out upon Time?"—no! Thou reverend softener of human sorrow; thou who, throned upon the clouds of undiscovered fate, or with the bright lock and thy insatiate weapon, enrobed in the sunshine of hope, and gay with that golden haze which plays above the distant vale of vernal Expectation—no! not out upon thee! Friend to the wretched—thou shouldst be a woman, for men, in the profundity of their blundering, talk of events in thy 'womb'—Great Unsexed, and yet evermore preserving in the primer thy masculine identity—thy *rather* disreputable and misplaced queue—and displaying in thy somewhat ancient physiognomy that desire of getting ahead, so peculiar to thy respectful fellow-citizens, the American people. They speak of thee with respect, yet they take thee unceremoniously 'by the forelock,' whether thy yellow hair floats on the eastern mountains, or thou tremblest at the gates of the West. Twin-brother of *Eternity!* oh, why so taciturn to human hearts, whose yearning core would thrill with undying rapture, to hear the particulars of the doings and scenes in that vast country, the dim dominion of thy Great Relation!

OBSERVE, my friend, I am not writing *against* Time; so let us slowly on. My impressions of the old gentleman are sometimes extremely fantastic. I was looking the other day at a playful young cat, just emerging from the fairy time of kittenhood; something between the revelry of the fine mewer and the gravity without the experience of the tabby. Now one would think that no great subject for contemplation. It would be looked upon by the million as inferior to astronomy. But it is the connexion of the events having reference to the quadruped, which render her of interest. *Time* will expand her person, increase her musical powers, and bring her admirers. In her back, on winter evenings, will sleep a tolerable imitation of the lightnings of heaven. She will make great noise o' nights, and lap at interdicted cream. So much for her exterior—her love-passages and obstreperous concerts. But look within! That compact embodiment of liga-

ments and conduits, now treading gingerly over those faded leaves and grapes of purple, what may they not be hereafter? Whose hearts may they not thrill, when strung on the sonorous bridge of a cremona, guided to softest utterances by the master hand? How many memories of youth, and hope, and fond thoughts, and sunny evenings, and bowers by moonlight, radiant with the beams of Cynthia, and warm with the sweet reflex of Beauty; the heart, touched by the attempered entrail, rosin-encompassed, and bow-bestrid, may bound in age with recollections of departed rapture. And all from what? Smile not at the association, my friend—from Time and cat-gut.

It is a pleasure to the bereaved to think that Time, which sadly overcometh all things, can alone restore the separated, and bring the mutually-beloved together. Time, which plants the furrow and sows the seeds of death, stands to the faithful spirit a messenger of light at that mysterious wicket-gate whence we step and enter upon the vast Unknown.—Compare with this enlarged, this universe-embracing view, which breaks at once upon the soul, the act of laying down in what to some may seem a sleep of cold obstruction; and where is the resemblance of the one, or what eye hath heard, or what heart conceived, of the infinitude of the other; where the blooming immensity of a dominion, beyond all realms enrolled of earth, spreads lightly to the sight, illumined for ever with the bountiful smile of the Giver of Good?

Now there are some who do love marvellously to talk about the dainty glories of Spring. One of this sort is my friend Daffodilly. Daf. is a clever individual, with a heart as open as the day to the charities of life. But he turns up his nose at all the seasons, excepting Spring. The sight of an early flower in April makes his head a watering-pot. He is troubled with a kind of *green*-sickness, and reads Thompson as though his like never was nor could be. He has the 'pink incense' always upon him. Summer he despises; and Autumn, to him, is one scene of storm and gloom. Winter he associates with blue noses, cracked lips, and the absence of all feeling among men. 'But Spring!' he says, 'that opens the heart, that excites the sympathies of men and hens, and produces glory and goslings!'—I verily believe that Daf. would listen with more delight by the side of a green frog-pond, to the swollen concert of its occupants, in spring-time, than to the sweetest opera in the world. I know his taste, for I know a glorious book* he has not read. Let me commend unto him this passage therein: "In all climates Spring is beautiful. In the South, it is intoxicating, and sets a poet beside himself. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make a holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of Nature; whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost, like cobwebs. This is the prelude, which announces the rising of the broad green curtain. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees; and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in spring-time! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens; and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes; and ere long our next-door neighbors will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The May-flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold buttercups under each others' chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves to see if the school-boy loves them, and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home. And at night so cloudless and so still! Not a voice of living thing, not a whisper of leaf or waving bough, not a breath of wind, not a sound upon the earth nor in the air! And over head bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain; but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep; but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain."

I must say, myself, that after we have done with June, the summer mislikes me. The sun becomes impertinent: his choler increases, until he is absolutely insufferable, and you fly from his presence. You can hunt small panting birds in the woods, then, if you have the heart, as they sit on the boughs, with their hot mouths open; and great is the glory thereof. I once damaged the fetlock of a wren in that way, from the end of a rusty musket, which kicked the hunter over; and sent the entrails of a red squirrel, from the corner of a zig-zag fence, upon the roundabout of a traveller, who was journeying westward in a stage of the Telegraph line; my venatory exploits being all within the compass of these.

As I write, I can appreciate the *autumn-feeling*—something holy and peculiar—prevailing within me. I can see, by the increasing azure of the sky, by the enlarged clearness of the distant landscapes, when the eye greets them from the city, and by the transparent briskness of the air at evening, that the summer has gone and the autumn-time begun. The woodlands stand in calm solemnity, robed in that rainbow coloring, the herald of their fallen honors, and the November storm. At such a season, the heart goes back, as on the wings of the dove, to departed friends, and vanished pleasures; and the sad hours of memory come up in long review.

The evening approaches. The clouds arise; rain-drops patter on the branches; the winds are loud; the hours pass imperceptibly. I will write—and rest:

'Tis an autumnal eve—the low winds sighing
To wet leaves, rustling as they hasten by;
The eddying gusts to tossing waves replying,
And ebon darkness filling all the sky;
The moon, pale mistress, palled in solemn vapor,
The rack, swift-wandering through the void above,
As I, a dreamer by my lonely taper,
Send back to faded hours the plaint of love.

Blossoms of peace, once in my pathway springing,
Where have your brightness and your splendor gone?
And *Thou*, whose voice to me came sweet as singing,
What region holds thee, in the vast *Unknown?*
What star far brighter than the rest contains thee,
Beloved, departed—empress of my heart?
What bond of full beatitude enchains thee,
In realms unveiled by pen, or prophet's art?

Ah! loved and lost! in these autumnal hours,
When fairy colors deck the painted tree,
When the vast woodlands seem a sea of flowers,
Oh! then, my soul, exulting, bounds to thee!
Springs, as to clasp thee yet in *this* existence,
Yet to behold thee at my lonely side;
But the fond vision melts at once to distance,
And my sad heart gives echo—*she has died!*

Yes! when the morning of her years was brightest,
That angel-presence into dust went down;
While yet with rosy dreams her rest was lightest,
Death for the olive wove the cypress crown;
Sleep, which no waking knows, o'ercame her bosom,
O'ercame her large, bright, spiritual eyes;
Spared in her bower connubial one fair blossom—
Then bore her spirit to the upper skies.

There let me meet her, when, life's struggles over,
The pure in love and thought their faith renew:
Where Earth's forgiving and redeeming Lover
Spreads out his paradise to every view.
Let the dim autumn, with its leaves descending,
Howl on the winter's verge—yet spring will come:
So my freed soul, no more 'gainst fate contending,
With all it loveth, shall regain its home.

No more, my reader—save only I am thine. c.

GOETHE'S FAUSTUS.—Third Notice.

We left Faustus in his narrow, arched Gothic chamber, just relieved of the company of the intruding student. He reverts naturally to the circumstances under which he was interrupted; the late presence of the spirit which he had summoned, and his own insignificance when measured with his supernatural visiter. Relapsing into his original train of reflection, he inveighs bitterly against the meanness of man's nature, and the vain mockery of his pursuits; his baffled hopes, his disappointed ambition, his idle longings after knowledge, and his final conviction that nothing can be known. The illuminated pages of his library, with its old scrolls and rolls of parchment, seem to him but dust and lumber. Lathes, rings and cylinders, screws and levers, and all the instrumental keys of science, have failed to open to him the bolted and guarded doors of Nature. Youth's aspirations have been crushed within him. Riches in his eyes are a delusion—learning is a mockery, and on all things about him are inscribed as the only result of his experience—vanity and despair!

'Twere better did I dissipate,
Long since, my little means, than be
Crushed down and cumbered with its weight:
All that thy fathers leave to thee,
At once ENJOY it—thus alone
Can man make any thing his own;
A hindrance all that we employ not—
A burden all that we enjoy not.
He knows who rightly estimates,
That what the moment can employ,
What it requires and can enjoy,
The MOMENT for itself creates.

While pouring forth his spirit in this strain, his eye rests eagerly upon a flask of poison; and in gazing upon it he burst forth in an invocation to the potent and subtle draught. He grasps the phial, and the fever of his brain subsides, the conflicting powers within him are charmed into peace, the swell of his soul ebbs and is at rest. He is already in imagination delivered from the bondage of earth. His shackles drop by his side, and his disembodied spirit is winging its triumphant way through boundless realms, bathed in the raptures of a new life and a new glory. But one firm farewell to the earth—and the dawn of a second existence will open upon him—or haply, for thus whisper him distrust and despair, he passes into nothingness. Taking from an old case an antique goblet—but this passage is so exquisitely picturesque, that we cannot omit to copy it. Mark the fine melody of the verse, with its beautiful variety, and confess that, after some sort at least, Mr. Anster is a poet:

And thou, clear crystal goblet, welcome thou!
Old friend and faithful, from thy antique case
Come forth with gay smile now,
As gently I displace
The time-stain'd velvet: years unnumbered,
Forgotten hast thou slumbered;
Once bright at many a festival,
When, in the old man's hall,
Old friends were gathered all,
And thou with mirth didst light grave features up,
On days of high festivity,
And family solemnity,
As each to each passed on the happy cup;
Its massy pride, the figures rich and old,
Of curious carving, and the merry task,
Of each (thus did our pleasant customs ask)
Who drank, the quaint old symbols to unfold,
In rhymes made at the moment; then the mask
Of serious seeming, as at one long draught
Each guest the full deep goblet duly quaffed;
The old cup, the old customs, the old rhymes,
All now are with me; all that of old times
Can speak, are speaking to my heart; the nights,
Of boyhood, and their manifold delights.
Oh! never more to gay friends sitting next
Shall my hand reach thee; never more from me
Shall merry rhyme illustrate the old text,
And into meaning read each mystery;
This is a draught that, if the brain still think,
Will set it thinking in another mood.
Old cup, now fill thee with the dark-brown flood;
It is my choice; I mixed it, and will drink;
My last draught this on earth I dedicate,
(And with it be my heart and spirit borne!)
A festal offering to the rising morn.

As he raises the goblet to his lips, bells are heard and voices in chorus. The magnificent Easter hymn bursts upon his ear; a hymn of hope, and consolation, and joy. Heavenly strains are these to the despairing spirit. They carry him back to his days of youth and innocence and trusting faith—and the thousand recollections of happy childhood rise up between him and his purpose. The goblet falls from his hand—"Tears come, and EARTH hath won her child again!"

The scene which follows contrasts vividly with that of the study. It is before the gates of the city, and persons of all descriptions are abroad in their holiday dresses, to enjoy the various festivities of the day; peasants, servants, citizens' daughters, old men and young maids, students, beggars and soldiers. Among them are Faustus, and Wagner, his pupil. Of the latter personage it may not be amiss to mention that the traditional Faustus had a disciple of this name, who is described as a "mauvais garçon," and who figures, according to Hayward, in all the dramas and histories founded on the old fable. A book was published in Berlin in 1714, entitled "Christoph. Wagner's Magic Arts and life of Dr. Faust"—purporting to be by the follower of the old magician. An early friend of Goethe, bearing the same name with the pupil of Faustus, had offended him by an instance of base plagiarism; stealing the tragic portion of this poem, relating to Margaret, and developing it in a tragedy with the title of *The Infanticide*.

In the scene before the gates, we find many allusions to the customs and superstitions of Germany; lightly touched, indeed, but furnishing pregnant texts for the commentators. We extract the song of the dancing peasants, as a specimen of the lighter vein of the poem:

The shepherd for the dance was drest
In ribands, wreaths and Sunday vest;
All were dancing full of glee,
Underneath the linden tree!
'Tis merry and merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle bow.

Soon he runs to join the rest;
Up to a pretty girl he prest;
With elbow raised and pointed toe,
Bent to her with his best bow—
Pressed her hand; with feigned surprise,
Up she raised her timid eyes!
"'Tis strange that you should use me so,
So, so—heigh-ho,
'Tis rude of you to use me so."

All into the set advance,
Right they dance, left they dance—
Gowns and ribands how they fling,
Flying with the flying ring;
They grew red, and faint, and warm,
And rested, sinking, arm-in-arm.
Slow, slow—heigh-ho,
Tired in elbow, foot and toe!

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* Professor Longfellow's 'Hyperion.'

"And do not make so free," she said;
"I fear that you may never wed;
Men are cruel"—and he prest
The maiden to his beating breast.
Hark! again the sounds of glee
Swelling from the linden tree.
'T is merry, 't is merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle bow!

The peasants collect in a circle about Faustus, and pledge him in a draught of "brown cheer." From the homage thus rendered we learn that both Faustus, and his father, who was also versed in hidden lore and the mysteries of magic, were held in deep respect and veneration by the multitude. The revelations of Faustus, however, to his pupil, teach us that neither father nor son much deserved the thanks and gratitude that were thus lavished upon them. A plague had visited the people, and the old man had compounded, by the cunning of his black art, a potent medicine, in the union of "antagonists irreconcilable." According to Faustus,

——they who took it died;
None asked, or thought of asking who recovered.
Thus have we with our diabolic mixture,
In these sweet valleys, 'mong these quiet hills,
Been guests more fatal than the pestilence.
I have myself to thousands given this poison;
They withered and are dead; and I must live—
I, who have been their death, must live to hear
This lavish praise on the rash murderers.

Wagner seems to be surprised that his master should take this so much to heart. He argues that man cannot practise more than he knows; and that the studies which have enlarged the field of science have prepared the way for new discoveries, which, but for these experiments, might have remained unrevealed. Faustus again wanders into the old vein, of the uselessness and hopelessness of all knowledge—but is recalled by the quiet beauty of the scene before him to a momentary kindliness and sympathy with man and nature. The hour is that of sunset, and as he gazes on the pastoral landscape, lit up with the radiance of the departing day-god, his soul kindles and burns with an impulse irresistible, to be borne away on wings that would outstrip the flight of the lark or eagle,

——to drink the beams
Of the unfading light; before me day—
And night still left behind—and overhead
Wide heaven—and under me the spreading sea!

With this feeling Wagner cannot sympathize. He confesses to his hours of reverie, but finds more pleasure in books and parchments than in watching the changing aspects of nature. The birds he does not envy their wing. Faustus in his reply reveals the secret of his condition:

Thy heart, my friend, now knows but one desire;
Oh, never learn another! in my breast,
Alas, two souls have taken their abode,
And each is struggling for the mastery!
One to the world, and the world's sensual pleasures,
Clings closely, with scarce separable organs;
The other struggles to redeem itself,
And rise from the entanglements of earth—
Still feels its true home is not here—still longs
And strives—and would with violence regain
The fields, its own by birthright—realms of light
And joy, where—man in vain would disbelieve
The instincts of his nature, that confirm
The loved tradition,—dwelt our sires of old.
If—as 'tis said—spirits be in the air,
Moving, with lordly wings, 'tween earth and heaven,
And if, oh if ye listen when we call,
Come from your golden "incense-breathing" clouds,
Bear me away to new and varied life!
Oh, were the magic mantle mine, which bore
The wearer at his will to distant lands,
How little would I prize the envied robes
Of princes, and the purple pomp of kings!

While Wagner rejoins, the attention of Faustus is attracted by a black dog, which is sporting about them, and to the eye of the philosopher coursing in serpent circles, marked by sparkles of fire. It is according to the tradition that Faustus was constantly attended by an evil spirit in the shape of a black dog; and Hayward says that this four-footed follower has a place in most of the old pictures. Of the sparkling line which followed upon his track, Goethe gives the following explanation in his work upon colors. "A dark object, the moment it withdraws itself, imposes on the eye the necessity of seeing the same form bright. Between jest and earnest, I shall quote a passage from Faustus which is applicable here. (Then follows the passage.) This had been written some time—from poetical intuition and in half consciousness—when, as it was growing twilight, a black poodle ran by my window in the street, and drew a clear, shining appearance after him—the undefined image of his passing form remaining in the eye. Such phenomena occasion the more surprise, as they present themselves the most vividly and beautifully, precisely when we suffer our eyes to wander unconsciously."

Faustus takes a fancy to the dog and whistles the creature home with him. We leave the philosopher closeted with the poodle.

New-York Mirror.

INSCRIPTION IN THE NEW EDITION OF MRS. HEMANS'S WORKS.... By B. Simmons.

High be their meed who here, at last, have heaped
The flowers long scattered from *thy* gleaming crown!
Here breathes each page thy tenderest fancy steeped
In lovelier hues than purpling eve brings down.
Oh, holiest Sister! at whose bright departing,
Tears, while we shed them, into triumph died—
One mingled torrent through our bosoms starting,
From separate founts of sorrowing and pride;—
Sainted of Song! God's timbrel-sounding Daughter!
Th' exulting music of whose choral lays
Shook us, like Miriam's over Egypt's water,
When rose thy pæans in Jehovah's praise!—
How should we prize—in these disastrous years,
Stunned with each tale, in sickly fiction cloak'd,
That pedant woman to the public ears
Babbles of sufferings which herself provoked—
How should we prize the glorious proofs bequeathed
By thy meek life that Virtue's *not* a name!—
That there are Spirits 'mid the laurel-wreathed
Can hymn of holiness, yet feel its flame!
Long be thy memory a lucid spell
To test their truth who mock the minstrel art—
Impostors of the faith thou kept'st so well;—
Bright heartless hypocrites affecting heart!

VOLUMINOUS WRITERS.

The following list of long-winded authors may amuse some of our readers. They existed in those early and undegenerate periods when literary stature, as well as physical, had not yet yet shrunk to its present pigmy proportions.

Zeno, the Stoic, is said to have given the world 705 different works, on philosophical subjects.

Epicurus, the voluptuary, (whose system considered a dreamy state of idle vacancy, as the most godlike of all conditions,) solaced his indolence with the composition of only some 300 volumes. If such were the productions of a leisure-loving man of those times, what mountains of books must the more industrious learned have been accustomed to heap up!

Accordingly, we find the number of Aristotle's ascertained performances to have amounted to above 400 volumes; while common opinion attributed to him a vast body beside.

Of the precise extent of Cicero's productions we are unable to form any certain estimate. He himself seems to have had no very distinct idea of it, as he only tells us that he wrote a quantity almost incredible; inditing, with scarcely any intermission, whether by day or night, and often (not to lose time) dictating to an amanuensis while he walked for exercise.

Galen, it is averred, wrote, upon medical topics alone, above 400 tomes; and, upon more vulgar subjects, some 260 more.

Upon Jurisprudence only, Servius Sulpicius left behind him 180 volumes; and as, in estimating legal lore, it is always necessary to multiply its length by the joint product of its absurdity and crabbedness, these 180 volumes may well pass for a very pretty bulk.

Theophrastus, also, upon Jurisprudence, obliged the world with 300 volumes; a number which has induced some speculators to imagine that the legal multiplication of words, and the art of perplexing every thing by the multitude of explanations, are inventions little less ancient than the law itself.

Didymus Grammaticus is said to have put forth 4,000 volumes! Some, however, averse to promulgate what might seem incredible, have diminished this number to the moderate quantity of 3,500 Small as this leaves his literary progeny, it seems that he was often found not to recognize the children of his own brain, when he met them; a failure of the instinctive feeling certainly even more singular, in the case of intellectual offspring, than of physical.

Esras produced, upon various topics of Theology, 204 volumes; and, upon Cabala alone, 72 more. Now, a treatise upon such a theme as Cabala, usually compensates, by material bulk, for the airyness and impalpability of its subject. So that these 72 tomes, measured according to any reasonable standard of dulness and obscurity, may be fairly supposed to have equaled some twenty cart loads.

St. Jerome assures us that not only had Origen written 6,000 volumes, but that he (Jerome) had read the same—a labor, if possible, still more strange and incredible.

Mercury Trismegistus (to the reading of whom, though his works are lost, Milton seems to have been addicted) according to the tradition was the author of 6,425 books; a fecundity which has no parallel, except in the labors of that great miscellaneous Latin author, named 'Opera,' who wrote Virgil, and Ovid, and Quintilian and Tacitus, and many more; and he, in his turn, is surpassed, in multiplicity of productions, by an outlandish Frenchman, called 'Œuvres,' a universal genius, who produces whole libraries, upon all sorts of subjects—prose and verse, tragedy and comedy, romances or politics; nothing comes amiss to his ever-going pen. He has written a single work, in 60 volumes, called Voltaire; others in 30, 40, 50 and 60, called Bossuet, and Rosseau, and Massillon, and D'Aguesseau, &c. &c.

Affecting Anecdote.—A circumstance of a very interesting kind occurred some time since at one of the Greek isles. A number of the islanders, terrified at the approach of a Turkish force, hurried on board a large boat, and pushed off from land. The wife of one of them, a young woman of uncommon loveliness, seeing her husband departing, stood on the shore, stretching out her hands towards the boat, and imploring, in the most moving terms, to be taken on board. The Greek saw it without concern or pity, and, without aiding her escape, bade his companions hasten their flight.

This unfortunate woman, left unprotected in the midst of her enemies, struggled through scenes of difficulty and danger, of insult and suffering, till her failing health and strength, together with a heart broken by sorrow, brought her to her death-bed. She had never heard from her husband; and when wandering among the mountains, lying down in some wretched habitation, or compelled to urge her flight amidst cruel fatigues, her affection for him, and the hope of meeting him again, bore up her courage through all.

He came at last, when the enemy had retreated, and the Greeks had returned to their homes again; and hearing her situation, was touched with deep remorse.—But all hope of life was then extinguished;—love had changed to aversion, and she refused to see or forgive him. There is at times, in the character of a Greek woman, as more than one occasion occurred of observing, a strength and sternness that is remarkable. Her sister and relations were standing round her bed; and never in the days of health and love did she look so touchingly beautiful as then; her fine dark eyes were turned on them with an expression as if she mourned not to die, but still felt deeply her wrongs: the natural paleness of her cheek was crimsoned with a hectic hue, and the rich tresses of her black hair fell dishevelled by her side. Her friends with tears entreated her to speak to and forgive her husband; but she turned her face to the wall, and waved her hand for him to begone. Soon the last pang came over her, and affection conquered; she turned suddenly round, raised a look of forgiveness to him, placed her hand in his, and died.

The Daguerrotype.—The first exhibition of this machine in London took place Sept. 13. M. De St. Croix, a French gentleman, performed the operation with great dexterity and complete success. The house in which he exhibited the performance is situate close to the Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and having a view of part of Regent street and the Circus. This view he proposed to represent to the spectators. He first took a sheet of copper, plated with silver, which he washed carefully in a solution of nitric acid, which removes from it all the extraneous matters on its surface. A slight degree of friction is requisite in this process, but it must not be applied always in the same direction. When the sheet is thus prepared, it is placed in a closed box and exposed to the vapor of iodine for fully ten minutes, the room being kept quite dark. A thin coating, of a yellow color, is thus formed on the surface of the sheet. The sheet, when covered with this substance, is of the most excessive sensibility to light, and is thus ready for the camera obscura. M. De St. Croix ascertained the exact point at which the sheet should be placed, and having done that by means of a mirror from which the objects were reflected, he placed the sheet in the camera obscura, where it remained for fifteen minutes. When taken out it was quite dark—not indeed a vestige of the street or houses could be distinguished till it was exposed to the vapor of mercury heated to about 130 or 200 degrees of Fahrenheit. He then washed it with a solution of the hyposulphate of soda, the solution attacking the parts upon which the light could not act, and respecting the light parts, being the reverse of the action of the mercury. He next washed the sheet with distilled water, and the image, though the day was rather cloudy, exhibited the most perfect likeness of the houses, the street, and the blue sky. The operation altogether occupied nearly an hour, but it can be performed in much less time.

Electro-Magnetic Navigation.—Mr. Faraday recently received a letter from M. H. Jacobi, dated St. Petersburgh, on the application of electro-magnetism to navigation, and Mr. Faraday has caused it to be inserted in the London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine for the current month. The following is a short extract from this very curious paper:—"In the application of electro-magnetism to the movement of machines, the most important object always has been the embarrassment and difficult manipulation of the battery. This obstacle exists no longer. During the autumn of 1838, and at a season (in 1839) already too advanced, I made, as you will have learned by the Gazettes, the first experiments in navigation on the Neva, with a ten-oared shallop, furnished with paddle-wheels, which were put in motion by an electro-magnetic machine. Although we voyaged during entire days, and usually with 10 or 12 persons on board, I was not well satisfied with this first trial, for there were so many faults of construction and want of insulations in the machines and battery, which could not be repaired on the spot, that I was terribly annoyed. All these repairs and important changes being accomplished, the experiments will shortly be recommenced. The experience of the past year, combined with recent improvements of the battery, gives as the result, that to produce the force of one horse (steam-engine estimation) it will require a battery of 20 square feet of platina distributed in a convenient manner, but I hope that eight or ten feet will produce the effect. If Heaven preserve my health, which is a little affected by continual labor, I hope that by next midsummer I shall have equipped an electro-magnetic vessel of from forty to fifty horse power.

From Friendship's Offering for 1840.

SONG OF THE BESIEGED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PROVOST OF BRUGES.'

DRINK! drink!
Why should you pause? It is all that remains to us;
Foul there is none for your hollow-cheeked crew;
But the bottle the blood of his body yet drains to us—
Drains to the last, like a comrade true.

Drink! drink!
There's virtue in wine that can mock at despairing;
A valor that laughs at the threat of the foe;
Lean famine grows merry, despondency daring—
To the brim—to the brim let the wine cup flow!

Drink! drink!
Our powder is gone—every grain is expended,
But that hoarded charge of the mine at our feet;
There, when the old walls can no more be defended,
A spark to the train, and our glory's complete!

Drink! drink!
Hark to the foe—how their cannon is roaring,
While our silent guns send no shot in return:
Their shouts mingle loud with the balls they are pouring;
But woe to the victors! their widows shall mourn.

Drink! drink!
They count us their spoil—they make ready the torture;
Fools! where are the eyes its infliction shall see?
Ha! ha! we will take a more easy departure,
And die as we lived—the unconquered, the free!

Drink! drink!
That dull, heavy sound—'twas the battered wall crashing;
The breach will be stormed—they are nearing it now;
I see the bright steel through the darkness come flashing:
The hour is accomplished—remember your vow!

Down! down!
Dash down the goblet!—'T was broken in shivers!
An emblem and type of the fast-coming end,
When the victim and tyrant, deceived and deceivers,
In one common ruin shall shatter and blend.

Now! now!
Hand join in hand, let your pulses be steady—
They enter! they mount to their funeral pyre!
Let none be shut out! Brothers! friends! are you ready?
One moment—hark! silence!—the signal!—NOW—FIRE!

From Friendship's Offering for 1840.

THE DOCTOR'S TWO PATIENTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'REFORMER.'

THE Doctor had made a long round; he was tired to death, and the worst of the matter was that all these foolish patients had real maladies; not the imaginary fantastical complaints of the rich, who are ill because they have leisure, but the positive substantial maladies of the poor.

Now, as these troublesome patients were really afflicted with the long catalogue of ills that 'flesh is heir to,' and as our young Doctor was very foolishly unlike a great many of his wiser brethren, he felt himself unable to miss them, or forget them, or cut them altogether; and as one disagreeable consequence generally comes pretty closely on the heels of another, it of course came to pass that as all his patients were poor, the Doctor himself was not very rich; and thus again it followed that he was obliged to resort to that primitive mode of conveying himself about, the fashion of which was first set by Adam;—we mean that the Doctor, not being able to afford a carriage, or a cab, or a stanhope, or a tilbury, was obliged to carry himself.

Now on the morning in question, the Doctor had carried himself till he was thoroughly tired of his burden, and he came home weary and worn, and though not complaining, just within a few degrees of the danger of doing so.

"Two new patients, Sir, that want you directly," said the Doctor's assistant.

"Will not to-morrow morning do?" asked the young Doctor, as he looked at his own arm-chair by the fire, and that fire a good one, his slippers most invitingly ready for his feet, the table spread for his dinner—"Will not to-morrow morning do?"

"I believe not, Sir—they seemed urgent."

"But if people only scratch a finger, or happen to sneeze, the Doctor must come on his peril, without a moment's delay. Did you ask what was the matter?"

"The lady has a fever, Sir, and the man"—

"The *lady* and the *man*—oh, then, the lady *is* a lady, and the man is only a man. Ah, I understand; they are of different conditions."

"You could leave the man till to-morrow, Sir?"

"Could I?—and suppose he should die to-night?"

Now, though our Doctor had fairly and honestly earned a right to a little rest, having most thoroughly tired himself in his vocation, the foolish sort of conscience of which we have already spoken as forming one of the component parts of his character, would not allow him to discard his boots, or plunge into the comfort of his easy-chair; so breaking off a corner of a crust, and giving one last, longing, lingering look to his cheerful fire, he summoned up all his resolution, and once more ventured forth into the rain and the mud.

The Doctor made his nearest patient his first: it happened to be a lady.

The evening was darkening, and the gas growing brighter, when our Doctor lifted the knocker of a sort of shabby genteel house in one of those ambiguous streets of which it is impossible to say whether they are within or without the pale of polite toleration; the difficulty arising from their standing just on the line where gentility ends and vulgarity begins, and being in fact the worst of the best, or the best of the worst, nobody being able to decide which, excepting the inhabitants, and they can give a positive opinion, because they know that the street, wherever it may happen to stand, is second only to Grosvenor Square. Our Doctor's summons was answered by a maid of the same nondescript character. The inside of the house was in exact keeping with its external countenance; the furniture and arrangements being all of a similar class of shabby gentility; and our hero saw, at a glance, that it was 'Lodgings to Let.'

The apartment into which he was ushered looked sufficiently uncomfortable; there were marks in the fire-place that there had once been a fire, but it might have been a week ago, for any symptoms that appeared to the contrary. Our Doctor felt the gloom of the place, but when he was shown into the adjoining room the scene was still more desolate. A faint, untrimmed lamp burning low in the socket, emitted flickering flashes of light over the apartment just sufficient to show a woman in the middle of life, burning with fever, and raving with delirium, lying on a bed; and a girl, the perfect image of fear and misery, weeping over her.

The Doctor sat down by the side of that solitary bed, and proceeded to speak of hope and comfort, and the young nurse dried her tears, and listened to his words as if they had been syllabled by an angel.

"You are not alone?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes," replied the girl, with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"It is not fit you should continue so. Had you not better send for some friends to share your vigils?"

Fresh tears came into the young girl's eyes as she answered, "We have no friends—at least none in this great town—if any where."

"Are you strangers in town?"

"We have been here only a month."

"And have you really no connections in town?"

"No: Mamma came on law business."

"And are you sole nurse?"

"We are alone," replied the girl, "alone in the world."

"The people of the house"—

"Are afraid of coming near us. They dread infection—it is natural."

"May I send you a nurse?"

The girl again shook her head.

The Doctor *felt* rather than saw that pecuniary difficulties were the objection.

"You will not be able to endure much more fatigue," and the Doctor looked on her flushed cheeks, her bloodshot eyes, and her evident exhaustion.

"Yes, I can endure any thing: you have strengthened me with hope."

"But to-night will be an anxious night—a crisis in this disorder; and in the midst of fever and delirium, I am obliged to warn you—it is not right that you should be left unsupported."

"You know that she will die!" exclaimed the girl, and in a paroxysm of frantic grief she threw herself upon her knees by the bed-side, hiding her face in its folds, and clutching handfulls of its drapery in her convulsive grasp.

"I have already told you," said the Doctor, "that I do not know it, that I do not even think it; but certainly something better than the indulgence of a childish sorrow is imperatively called for."

The girl rose up again with an offended air, notwithstanding her grief. "I shall do all that I can do."

"And I shall do the same," replied the Doctor.

Our Doctor went from that shabby-genteel house to one of much less doubtful aspect; it was so thoroughly and perfectly miserable that no one in his senses could shut his eyes on its wretchedness and desolation.

It was now quite dark, and the streets were like the black sea, perfectly fluid with mire and mud. Not a light glimmered in the obscure court into which our Doctor entered, for the commissioners of lighting and paving left the one to the moon, and the other to the mud; and as the moon happened to be absent on other duty, it required some courage and perseverance on Mr. Kendrick's part to steer himself into the farthest extremity of the court, and up three pairs of stairs into a back attic, where he at length found his patient.

Alas! alas! that these bodies of ours should be the avenues of so much misery. Not a nerve of this corporeal frame but opens a channel to suffering—not an atom that may not vibrate with agony!

Very dreary and desolate was the miserable chamber—the fitting scene for human suffering. Not a spark of fire to lighten the aspect of its squalid poverty; a deal table, a chair with broken spindles and a worn-out rush bottom, and a truckle bed were all its garniture; and on that bed was lying the second patient.

Our Doctor drew the rickety chair close to him, and sat down. A wretched rushlight made the darkness visible, and cast its pale light on the features of the miserable man; he was cadaverous and attenuated; his features almost incredibly sharp and thin; a pair of wild but faded eyes, deep sunken in their sockets, shot out fierce glances of anger and suspicion; lowering shaggy eyebrows, a bald forehead, and a few white locks on either side, completed the picture. The expression of his countenance was that of distrust, and fear, and fretfulness.

"And who are you?" exclaimed the sick man, staring fiercely as the Doctor took his station by his bed-side; "Who are you?"

"I have come to see if I can do you any good," replied the Doctor, in soothing tones.

"Good! no! nobody can do me any good!"

"You must not be so sure of that. It is worth the trial."

"Sure! yes, I am sure! I suppose you are a Doctor. I want no Doctors! they kill more than they cure. Don't waste your time here."

"I shall not think it wasted if I can be of any service to you."

"There, go away—go away—I hate your whole tribe! Leeches! Bloodsuckers!"

"Well, even they are good things in their way—a Doctor may be so too in his way," replied Mr. Kendrick, good-naturedly.

"Better out of the way," grumbled the impatient patient.

"Have you tried them?" asked the doctor.

"No, nor intend it."

"Then you condemn in ignorance; a wise man ought not to do so."

"Hark ye, Sir," exclaimed the sick man, raising himself upon his elbow, with a look of fierce exultation, as though what he was about to say were quite unanswerable; "Hark ye, Sir; the poor are bad patients for your tribe. Look round this room; do you think a broker would give five shillings for all that it contains?"

"Probably not," replied Kendrick.

"Ha! ha!—and where do you think the money would come from to pay your long bills? No, no; go away, go away. You would never get paid; you see that you never would get paid."

"I am willing to give up the expectation; but that is no reason why I should leave you to die."

"But if you never get paid, what does it matter to you whether I live or die?"

"If I had never seen you or known of your existence—nothing; but having seen you, I am bound to my own conscience to do all that I can do for you."

"Without getting paid?" screamed the patient, "without getting paid?"

"That does not affect my responsibility. I think I can do you some good—it is my duty to try—it is *yours* to let me."

"Try, then," grumbled the sick man.

* * * * * * *

The doctor went home, but not to the enjoyment of his dinner, his easy-chair, his slippers, or his good fire; it was only to make preparations for the care of his two new patients.

Another hour had made a wonderful difference in the aspect of affairs. Mr. Kendrick had managed, in that time, to surround his poor patient with a few comforts; had sent him a blanket, procured him the cheering advantage of a fire, had given him medicine, and what was equally necessary, nutritious food.

Neither had he been less careful of his other patient. There he had himself administered medicine, himself smoothed the sick pillow, and seen all that was needful duly done.

And never was kindness and support more craved for than in that sick chamber. The girl, totally unused to depend upon herself, and in a situation that would have tried the strongest fortitude, sat by the bed-side of her mother, who was raving with delirium, almost paralyzed with terror.—They were evidently strangers, unknowing and unknown. There was not a relative or friend to share her toil, or cheer or sustain her under it. Our Doctor, however, sanctioned by his profession, became both nurse and comforter, and by that immutable law which makes the weak lean upon the strong, he was, under God, her trust, her strength, her oracle.

Three days—three days of unspeakable anxiety and terror to poor Esther, followed. Alas! the heavy weight of moments, that seemed hours—of hours, that seemed days—of days, that seemed years. Poor Esther's bloodshot eyes, her pallid lips, her fainting frame, bore witness to the flagging spirit; but our Doctor's cheering voice, his strength of mind, and his consoling courage still sustained her. By a gentle but a firm compulsion, he had made her at intervals take an hour's rest upon the sofa in the adjoining room, whilst he assumed her station by the bed-side. In his calm, kind, and authoritative voice he had ordered her to take needful food, and she had obeyed him like a child. When she grew frantic, he reproved; when she despaired, he consoled. Oh! profession, too noble for man—office rather of an angel, to be the instrument of binding up the broken heart, of snatching life from the grasp of death, of giving to the mother the child, to the husband the wife, the loved one to the loving; shame that thy offices should ever be filled with a sordid priesthood!

We have said that three days of the bitterest anxiety had passed; the fourth brought with it better hopes. The delirium had abated, the fever was allayed, and Mrs. Heathcote lay weak and motionless, but memory and comprehension had resumed their functions.

But memory and comprehension, though they served to reassure poor Esther's spirits, by seeming to give her back the identity of her living parent, brought with them but little solace to the sufferer, for with them came the remembrance of those anxieties which had been in fact the occasion of her maladies; and our Doctor found, what he had before more than suspected, that his own bill was not quite as 'safe as the Bank of England.'

The Doctor's other patient lay with his head half raised from his pillow, supported by his hand, striving to catch the first echo of his footsteps on the stairs.

"Another half hour gone, and not here yet!" said the poor patient, his glistening eyes fastened on the door—"another half hour. Has he forgotten me, or has something happened?"

The clock of a neighboring church struck the hour.—"One—two—three, and not here yet! Hark! that is the street door! No, psha! what a fool I am to expect him thus—and yet his is the only kind voice that has sounded in my ears these twenty years. Who was ever kind to me since the day my mother wept over me, and kissed me, and—died? Who ever saw any thing in me since the day that her love left me, but a miserable, ungainly, miserly clod?" and the old man wiped from his glistening eyes a tear. While he was yet speaking, our Doctor entered his lonely chamber, with so light a step, that the patient was not at first aware of his presence.

"Well, old friend," said the Doctor, cheerily, "how are we to-day?—nay, what is this?" as the old man's eyes, suffused with their unwonted moisture, met his own. "What is this? what has gone wrong? what has happened?"

"It was a tear," replied the old man, "a tear to the memory of my mother. She alone, of all the millions of beings in this wide world, ever loved me, and a sudden remembrance (I often think of her in the unquiet night,) brought the tear into my eye."

"A mother's love is an unfathomable well," replied the Doctor with a sigh, "but I never knew it."

"Then you have never known the dearest love on earth," replied the sick man, fixing his eyes commiseratingly upon him.

The Doctor shook off his sentiment, and with a slight laugh said, "Oh, the *dearest* say you—are you sure of that?"

The patient fixed his eyes searchingly upon him. "So, then, you are thinking of marrying. That will quite ruin you—quite spoil you."

"No, no," replied the Doctor, with another slight laugh, but this time it was a constrained one. "No, no; I must make my fortune first. I am too poor to marry."

"But you are not poor! you are not poor!" reiterated the sick man.

"And not very likely ever to be rich," replied the Doctor.

"Not if you are so extravagant," answered the sick man; "you have torn that good piece of white paper all to pieces."

"It was only what your medicine was wrapped in," responded the Doctor, as he extracted the cork from the bottle, and presented its contents to the patient.

"It would have done for another bottle if you had not destroyed it," replied the careful man: "there now, you have thrown the cork into the fire—that is sheer waste: and pray, while I think of it, do you want the bottles back again?"

"No; let them go with the paper and the corks."

"No, no, I shall sell them; depend upon it, nothing is wasted here; and, by the way, will you buy them? You doctors give rather better prices than the marines."

"I must refer you to my assistant; I never interfere with that part of the business myself."

"Then I don't wonder that you are not over-rich: and pray, why do you waste your time upon me?"

"I repeat, that I do not call it wasted time, if I can do you any good."

"But I warned you in the beginning that you would never get paid; and in fact I never sent for you; I am not responsible. It was the people of the house."

"No matter who it was; I am here."

"But you can go, and you need not come back again," replied the old man, querulously; "you are not the Parish Doctor, I believe, and if you are, you can send your apprentice."

"Come, come," said the Doctor, kindly, "you have got some fresh crotchet in your brain: pray, drive it out again."

"If you had rich patients instead of poor ones," resumed the old man, "you would soon be rich yourself, and let the poor die. What are they better worth? They do nothing but encumber the earth; they pester the happy with their complaints; they will murmur and murmur; they will not starve in quietness, but the voice of their misery is heard mingling with the revelry of the rich. There, go, leave me; let me die—alone like a dog. Let me turn my face to the wall, and die."

And so saying, the old man turned himself angrily away from his visiter.

"You can have the blanket back again," he continued; 'it is not much the worse; but you'll have the washing to pay for—that's your own fault! Why did you send it? and the broth, and the jelly?—I didn't ask for them; that must be your own loss too, and it will teach you better another time."

The old man paused, expecting a reply; but the Doctor remained quite silent, so the patient turned himself over once more, and found that Mr. Kendrick had seated himself very quietly in the old rickety chair.

"What, not gone yet?" exclaimed the old man, petulantly—"I thought I told you to go."

"Yes, but then I should have had the trouble of coming back again; so I thought I had better wait until you were reasonable, hoping that it would be soon, and that I should save time."

"Reasonable!" repeated the old man. "Is it unreasonable to want nothing?"

"But you want strength and help, or at least I want them for you."

"And I shall die!" exclaimed the old man. "I feel that I am sinking into my grave."

"You feel exhausted because you have been long deprived of proper nourishment."

"And where was I to get it? Where was I to get it?"

"The past is gone from us all," replied the Doctor; "let us make the best of the present. Be calm and peaceful, and take such things as I send you."

Another rush of painful feelings came over the old man's face;—a sort of convulsive working of the features like the breaking up of a stony nature; and the Doctor left his poor patient with fresh tears gathered in his sad, wild, sunken eyes.

* * * * * * *

But sorrow is not confined to the lowest abodes of poverty; wherever man fixes his dwelling, there the shadow falls.

So the Doctor found the footsteps of this foe to our race, (ungrateful that we are, is it not a friend, though a friend in disguise?) in the dwelling of his other patient. He found Mrs. Heathcote propped up in bed with pillows, the coverlet strewn over with parchments and ominous-looking papers, diffusing the effluvia of a lawyer's office, and the sick woman feverish again with anxiety and excitement, and poor Esther pale and tearful sitting at her pillow.

"This is treason," said our Doctor; "actual treason!—You ought not to bestow even a thought on business."

The poor, thin woman drew up her wasted neck with an air of great dignity, and said: "It is the advantage of people in mediocrity to be exempt from engrossing cares.—They mind their daily business; those of elevated station are absorbed in higher cares."

"Then mediocrity has the best chance of health," said the Doctor.

"Sir, we have a lawsuit pending," said the lady, with increased dignity. "It will now be speedily decided, and I shall soon recover health and strength."

"Or lose them," thought the Doctor.

"I shall then go down to my country seat—one of my country seats—on which, I have not yet decided; but I shall of course consult you, as you fill the station of my medical adviser. After this suit is settled, I shall have my choice of two princely dwellings."

"Or none at all," thought the Doctor.

"And I shall be most happy to recommend you," continued the lady—"most happy indeed, though I could wish that you resided in a rather more aristocratic neighborhood."

"I thought," said our Doctor, turning rather reproachfully to Esther, "I thought that I had enjoined a careful suppression of every thing that could excite or agitate."

"My dear Doctor," said the invalid lady; "I know that you deserve our perfect candor. Do not chide Miss Heathcote. These papers and letters have been accumulating during my illness, and they required immediate attention. Our long delayed suit will be decided this day fortnight, but there were preliminaries"—

"Come," said the Doctor, assuming a cheerfulness of tone and manner which he did not quite feel; "my profession makes me very tyrannical. I have an antipathy to my brethren of the law, and I must both justify my own authority and and satisfy my spleen against them, by thus sweeping away all their musty figments; and I am bound to maintain that all the skins and parchments that ever were engrossed, are worthless compared with a single drop of my elixirs."

And so saying, the Doctor swept away the whole mass of papers with an air between playfulness and authority; and Esther gathering them up, said with something between a smile and a sigh, "Your kindness is the true elixir."

"Esther speaks truly," said the mother. "You have been very kind to us, and we trust that we shall repay you as we ought. Kindness and attention shown to one of our house were never wont to go unrewarded."

"Mamma means," said the girl, with a deep flush passing over her face," that we must always repay (if that is the right word) your great kindness to us with unceasing gratitude."

"I mean more than that, girl!" said the haughty mother: "I mean that services so freely rendered shall be as freely paid, and not with a niggardly hand. We, who can trace our ancestry to kings, ought not, when we are served, to requite like churls and beggars."

Now we are bound to acknowledge that our Doctor was just two or three grades below perfection; and this little trifling alloy or adulteration brought the slightest shade of wounded pride across his brow. It is almost humiliating to reflect that services worthy of an angel's ministering, must yet be repaid with silver and gold:—but our Doctor caught a deprecating glance from Esther's eyes, and the shade passed away from his own brow.

* * * * * * *

"Are you mad?" exclaimed the Doctor to his other patient, on his next visit: "are you mad?"

He found him out of bed, dressed, with his hat and stick, apparently intending to go out.

"I have a right to do what I like," replied the man, sullenly.

"That, indeed, you have not, when you like to do what is foolish and imprudent."

"I did not send for you," retorted the wayward patient. "You have no right to dictate to me. I shall do as I please."

"Then, perhaps, you will please to take off your hat and shoes, and return to bed."

"I am going out," replied the man, doggedly.

"Going out! certainly not with my permission."

"I can go without it."

"How long have you been confined to your bed? let me see"—

"Three months; and I say that after such a confinement it would be a very hard case if I could not once more see the outside of the house."

The Doctor pointed to the window. Sleet and snow were drifting past in clouds borne on a cutting wind, that seemed to sever all that it passed. "Do you see the weather?"

"Yes, and in sixty winters many times as much. If you don't like it, why don't you keep your carriage?" said the patient, with a sneer, "you would not feel it then."

"Simply because I think it advisable first to keep myself."

"Why don't you spend an hour over your fingers every morning, and put on two or three rings set with brilliants, and wear perfumes and fine white French cambric handkerchiefs, and have your hair in curls, and speak in a soft, condoling, insinuating voice, and so ingratiate yourself with the women? They are fools enough."

"Thank you, I prefer my hands, and my hair, and my clothes all in their present fashion."

"Then why don't you become a sloven, and go for a week without washing your hands, and turn up your sleeve-cuffs to show them, and have your hair cut once a-year, and never have your clothes brushed, and snap every body up that speaks to you, and tell them to order their coffins?—they would be sure to die of fear if you frightened them well, and that would establish your reputation; and then you might carry all before you with the men."

"Simply because I don't choose to be a brute."

"Well, you can do as you please, and I can do the same."

"Excepting going out."

"And that is the only thing I care for doing."

"You will kill yourself."

"All the better for you."

"You will seriously disoblige me."

"I am sure you do not care a jot whether I live or die." The Doctor looked rather injured.

"I hope I have shown as much solicitude for you as for my most wealthy patient."

"You mean to reproach me with my obligations!"

"Come, come," said the Doctor, resuming his good humor, "the whole of the matter is, that you cannot, and shall not, go out."

"What shall hinder me?" asked the old man.

"Your own good sense."

"That says, go."

"No, indeed, that could not be your good sense. You mistook the voice: it was only Caprice that spoke," said the Doctor, playfully.

"I am not to be bantered out of it."

"I spoke of a reason, not of a jest."

"And I have a reason, a great reason for going."

"And I have a reason, a great reason—nay, an enormous reason for keeping you at home."

"I won't be chained up like a dog, and jested with like a child. I'm not crying for a toy. I *will* go."

"I see," said the Doctor, "that I entirely mistook the nature of your complaint. I ought to have ordered you a strait-waistcoat."

"It seems that you have provided me a keeper."

"Then you will not let me call myself your friend."

"*Friend!*" exclaimed the old man, as though his ears were startled at the unwonted sound. "*Friend!* have I a friend in the world?"

"I am trying to prove to you that you have; but you know that the offices of friendship should be mutual."

"Mutual! what do you expect from me? what have I to give you? Shall I die and bequeath to you these rags, and this mockery of furniture?"

"I am wishing to prolong your life, not to hasten your death."

"Or, perhaps, you think I have a large freehold estate, and look for some reversionary acres, or ships full of rich merchandise, or exchequer bills, or diamonds."

"Now it is your turn to jest."

"And if none of these, what can buy you to me for a friend?'

"These things could not buy me; but you have far stronger claims upon me."

"What are they?"

"Sickness and sorrow."

"And do these, which disgust and frighten all the rest of the world, make you my friend?"

"I am trying to prove myself such; but, as I told you before, the offices of friendship should be mutual."

"You mean that I should obey you like a slave."

"No, I mean that you should oblige me like a friend."

"Do with me what you please!" cried the sick man; and, abandoning all his opposition and his acrimony, he submitted like a child to the wishes of our Doctor, who, taking immediate advantage of his relenting humor, saw him once more with his head upon his pillow, and left him, as he believed, composed and peaceful. Scarcely, however, had he descended the dirty, crooked, battered stairs before the old man, pertinacious in his purpose, had again raised himself from his recumbent posture, resumed his tattered garments, his unsound shoes, and his beaverless hat, and, having first carefully locked his room-door, staggered after him, clinging to the banisters, and muttering as he went.

Our Doctor paid his visit the ensuing day, unsuspicious of what had happened. He had not yet grown callous in the course of his profession, and he was shocked to find his patient with the last sands of life fast falling through the glass.

"I am dying!" said the old man, "I am dying; and you are the only being in this wide world who has shown kindness to the destitute old man. You said that you were my friend, and that the offices of friendship were mutual. You have discharged them well; and I, little as you might expect it, I have done something on my part. You have thought me poor, but you were wrong. I was only miserly. I had nothing to love, neither wife, nor child, nor friend, nor kindred—and so, because we must love something, I began to make a treasure—a god, if you will—of gold; it was because I had nothing else to love. Ay, you little thought you were paying court to the rich old miser, instead of showing charity to the poor old beggar. But—stoop lower, my breath fails me. Take this packet," and he gave him a small parcel wrapped in the identical piece of torn paper which he had reproached him for wasting. "Take it—it is yours. I went to the Bank yesterday to make a transfer—into your name. There, take them—they are Bank receipts. *I have saved you the legacy duty!*"

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The fortnight that had stood between Mrs. Heathcote and the possession of her fortune—that is, the decision of her law-suit, which she considered the same thing—had gone to the tomb of the Capulets. On that day, our Doctor was guilty of the sin of neglecting his patients: he remained at home all the day.

The evening at last came. Mr. Kendrick took his hat: it was covered with deep crape. Mr. Kendrick had lost his poor patient, and was the richer by more than twenty thousand pounds.

He found Mrs. Heathcote in hysterics on the sofa; her head-dress disordered, her cheeks stained with tears, and Esther by her side, trying to console her. He saw in a moment that the suit was lost.

Now we do not mean to impugn our Doctor's kindness of heart, but certainly the distress which he witnessed brought a flush of pleasure over his countenance; however, quickly assuming his own professional face, he sat down and began to exercise his province of giving advice.

And what was his advice? Gentle reader, it was neither more nor less than this; namely, that Mrs. Heathcote should increase her connections (that was rather technical) by taking the Doctor himself for a son-in-law; and as her castles in the country had turned out to be castles in the air, that she should content herself with a more mundane abode, and take up her residence in his house, although he confessed it was only built of such vulgar materials as bricks and mortar.

And did the lady of a line of kings so condescend? She did, and Esther was nothing loth, nay, even rejoiced at the exchange;—and so a Wife and a Fortune were both found in 'The Doctor's Two Patients.'

HUMAN LIFE.—How truly does the journey of a single day its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life!—We rise up in a glorious freshness of a spring morning. The dews of night, those sweet tears of nature, are hanging from each bough and leaf, and reflections the bright and myriad hues of the morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames buoyant with health. We see no cloud, we fear no storm; and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely; hour by hour our hopes become brighter. A few of our companions have dropped away, but in the multitude remaining, and the beauty of the scenery, their loss is unfelt. Suddenly we have entered upon a new country.—The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervor of the noon-day sun; the friends that started with us are disappearing.—Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged; others have become weary, and have laid down to their rest; but new faces are smiling upon us, and new hopes beconing us on. Ambition and fame are before us, but youth and affection behind us. The scene is more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of the morning have faded, and forever. But still our steps fail not, our spirits fail not. Onward and onward we go; the horizon of happiness and fame recedes as we advance to it; the shadows begins to lengthen, and the chilly airs of evening are usurping the fervor of the noon-day. Still we press onward: the goal is not yet won, the heaven not yet reached.

The bright orb of Hope that had cheered us on, is sinking in the West; our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad: we turn to gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of twilight have interposed their veil between us: we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them: we have outstripped them all in our race after pleasure, and the phantom yet uncaught, in a land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night-time of death, and weary and heavy laden, we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave! Happy, thrice happy is he, who hath laid up treasures in himself, for the distant and unknown to-morrow.—*Charlton.*

From the Knickerbocker for October.

MY FISHING-GROUNDS.

GENTLE READER!—you who have enjoyed with me my Spring and Summer musings—desert me not amid the richer and more eloquent glories of Autumn.

The birds have nearly all left me, for other climes. A dejected looking crow alone sits hard by, upon a blasted oak, apparently lonely, heart-broken, and weary of life, screaming dismally to a sable companion, who answers him from another quarter of the wood. There is an autumnal wail in his very voice; a dirge-like strain; something that bespeaks the death of the year.

The whole forest around me is one blaze of golden pomp and splendor. The trees are mantled with robes more gorgeous than the robes of kings. The whole valley is arched with rainbows. Every hue is there; blood-red, scarlet, green, and brown. There is nothing, save the ever-greens, but doth suffer a change. The silent sky is filled with withered leaves, circling solemnly around, and gradually descending to the earth. A thin blue mist wraps the distant hill, softening its gaudy richness, yet hiding none of its beauties. All is solemn, and quiet, and impressive. 'Autumn, like a faint old man a-weary,' seems resting himself from the toils of the year.

Far above me, on the plain, orchards are bending with their affluent abundance. Plenty staggers over the earth, loaded with blessings. The heavy wain creaks along the distant landscape. There is the soft peach, with its tender blush and melting flavor; pyramids of apples, reared to the memory of cider and long winter evenings; corn, whose yellow ears lie imbedded in the husk, like pure gold in the ore; pumpkins, plump and round as the goodly periphery of an alderman, recline lazily over the field, in luxurious ease; with eccentric squashes, crooked and perverse. It is the banquet of the year; the gathering-in of good things; the consummation of labor and of hope.

There is a wild, withered fragrance wandering in the wood. It is not the all-pervading incense of Spring, but the sweetness of decay; a chastened odor; a something that has been touched with blast. It is from the pennyroyal, on the upland, the dying fern, the faded herbage; from the piles of drifting foliage, amid the dim aisles below; from the purpled grape, hanging leafless upon the vine; from the heavy autumnal flowers that flame along the water-courses, secure from early frosts; from the ever-green pine, and from thousands of medicinal herbs, that linger amid the sorrowing rains of waning Autumn.

The dirge-like murmur of the cricket and grass-hopper is faintly heard along the hills. It is a sad thing, but the grass-hopper *must* leave me. He has been gossipping around all summer, with his green Quaker coat, dissipating his time in frolics with his gay companions, and in gadding from field to field. His day of reckoning has come. The cold frosty nights are 'a caution' to him already, and they will soon 'be the death of him.' But the cricket, that little household insect, will sing to us from the hearth-stone, when the tempest is loud on the hills. He spends his winter months at home, roving only in the summer. He is a hostage for the return of another season. When the fire is crackling high, and the family circle close around it, and the heavens scowl without, the garrulous cricket talks to us from his warm retreat, telling us of brighter hours, of green fields, soft winds, and blooming flowers.

Through the whole wood, the rabbit and squirrel are busy gathering in their winter stores. Clattering up the trees, spluttering forth his words in great confusion, labors the uneasy squirrel, all the live-long day. This is *his* harvest. From the chestnut and the walnut tree he rattles down his food, as though he were sole proprietor of the forest. Pert and saucy, nothing daunts him. He has ever a word ready for any one who may affront him. There are three orders of these gentlemen around me; the red, the gray, and the black. And they are always at swords' points, if squirrels carry swords. The royal sceptre appears to be in the hands of those in red uniforms, and they are most exterminating tyrants; the grays are barely tolerated, but 'the blacks' are annihilated at once, without judge or jury. They are seldom seen, owing to the oppression of their rulers.

Hark to the roar of the sportsman's gun, and the deep bay of his dogs! How the hills echo back their forest revelry! The sharp crack of the rifle rings in every nook and corner of the wood, but not with the muffled tone of spring. The dogs are half inspired with their task. Bounding over the sere leaves, overturning the under-brush, scenting the rocks, and peering up, with a solemn look, into the tall trees.

The setting sun wears low. The whole west is overspread with autumnal clouds, gorgeously streaked with hues of red and scarlet; some floating lazily along, like golden ships becalmed upon an ocean of crystal; some like misshapen towers, with banners streaming from their peaks; castles, islands, and landscapes, are fantastically figured in the glorious congregation. In the distance, the giant hills stand up in their majesty, hazy with a purple mist. Nearer by, the river, like a mighty serpent, winds around the promontories which invade its path, lying as sluggish as though it were a work of silver, the foliage upon its banks standing double in the transparent waters. The farmer, as he moves homeward, is followed by a giant shadow, which keeps ever at his heels, while that of the church steeple encroaches upon the soil of another parish. How solemn and how glorious! Burning and glowing with the beauty of death, yet how calm and beautiful! What sermons are here, in the great cathedral of nature! What preachers are the hills, at such an hour! What an awe and solemnity invest the earth and sky! And these are the teachings of MY FISHING GROUNDS. H. H. B.

A THRILLING STORY.—A thrilling story is going the rounds of the papers, taken from the 'Naval and Military Magazine,' which, stripped of all its embellishments, is to the following purport:

On the day of the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, Captain Walter Leslie's young bride, Helen, with feelings more easily imagined than described, took her seat at a window overlooking the field of that dreadful conflict; but being within reach of random shot, she, with the other inmates, retired to a barn as a place of more safety, and there remained in anxious suspense during the whole day. Some time in the night, Capt. Bryan was brought to the barn, badly wounded. Helen, with the necessaries which her forebodings had suggested, tenderly dressed young Bryan's wounds, and after his revival, ventured to inquire after her Walter. Bryan's evasive answer, but too fully portended the worst. She begged him to tell her the circumstances, for she knew that her husband was dead. Bryan then stated that just before going into action, Capt. Leslie thrust a small Bible into his bosom, charging him that if he fell in action, faithfully to deliver the sacred relic to his beloved Helen. But a few moments elapsed before he did fall. After learning from Bryan the spot at which Walter fell, she went alone in the night, lantern in hand, into the field of the dead and dying, amidst the plunging of wounded horses and other frightful sights, in search of the remains of her beloved. On the point of returning in despair of finding the object of her anxious search, among such a mass of carnage, her attention was drawn to an outstretched hand, on which was found the well-known ring of her husband, who was partly buried beneath a pile of other bodies. Whilst alone engaged in the release of the object of her affections, two soldiers, sent by Capt. Bryan, came to her assistance, and bore 'Ancastor's dear remains' to the same room with the wounded Captain. The Surgeon applying a glass to the lips of Leslie, declared that he yet lived. The shock of joy was too great for the delicate system of Helen; one vacant stare, and she fell lifeless on the floor, several hours being spent in restoring her to sensibility, and the embrace of her fond Walter.

The small Bible was presented to Leslie, by Helen, on their wedding-day; neither of them dreaming that the Holy Book was to be the salvation of the Captain's temporal life. The ball aimed at his bosom spent its force in the folds of the Bible, which is now religiously preserved in the family, as a perpetual memorial of that extraordinary Providence.

Raleigh Register.

INTEMPERANCE LAWS IN SWEDEN.—"The laws against intoxication are enforced with great rigor in Sweden. Whoever is seen drunk is fined, for the first offence, three dollars; for the second, six; for the third and fourth, a still larger sum, and *is also deprived of the right of voting at elections*, and of being appointed a representative. He is, besides, publicly exposed in the Parish Church on the following Sunday. If the same individual is found committing the same offence a fifth time, he is shut up in a house of correction, and condemned to six months hard labor; and, if he is again guilty, to a twelve months punishment of a similar description. If the offence has been committed in public, such as at a fair, an auction, &c. the fine is doubled; and if the offender has made his appearance in a church, the punishment is still more severe. Whoever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars which sum is doubled if the person is a minor. An ecclesiastic who falls into this offence loses his benefice. If it is a layman who occupies any considerable post, his functions are suspended, and perhaps he is dismissed. Drunkenness is never admitted as an excuse for any crime, and whoever dies when drunk is buried ignominiously, and deprived of the prayers of the Church. It is forbidden to give, and more explicitly to sell, any spirituous liquor to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. Whoever is observed drunk in the streets, or making a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to prison and

detained till sober, without, however, being, on that account, exempted from the fines. Half of these fines go to the informers, (who are generally police officers) the other half to the poor. If the delinquent has no money he is kept in prison until some one pays for him, or until he has worked out his enlargement. Twice a year these ordinance are read aloud from the pulpit by the clergy; and every tavern keeper is bound, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung up in the principal rooms of his house."

THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE.

BY T. B. MACAULEY.

[Henry IV., on his accession to the French crown, was opposed by a large part of his subjects, under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy. "In March, 1590, he gained a decisive victory over that party at Yvri. Before the battle, he addressed his troops, 'My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume—you will always find it in the path to honor and glory.' His conduct was answerable to his promise. Nothing could resist his impetuous valor, and the leaguers underwent a total and bloody defeat. In the midst of the rout, Henry followed, crying, 'Save the French,' and his clemency added a number of the enemies to his own army."—*Aiken's Biographical Dictionary.*

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Leige, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance, [France!
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor dress't,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our Lord, the King."
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the guidon of the lilies now, upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter,—the Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail;
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was pass'd from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner; but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the league, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mock'd the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.
Knight's Quarterly Magazine, 1824.

From the Baltimore American.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

At the present crisis, when the Ottoman power is tottering perhaps to its final overthrow, it may be interesting to look back for a little while over the history and career of a people who, from small beginning, succeeded gradually in possessing themselves of the finest portions of Asia and Europe, and in building up a dominion the most extensive that has arisen in the world since the downfall of the Roman Empire. The *Turks*, or *Turkomans*, are of Tartar origin, and came from the regions beyond Mount Taurus and Imaus. Like the rest of their race, they were a freebooting tribe, living on plunder, and without any very permanent residence; but fierce, daring, and warlike beyond other tribes. These qualities rendering them formidable, one of the caliphs, a descendant of the great Haroun Alraschid, mentioned so often in the Arabian Nights, employed a large body of Turks as his body-guard. Like the Pretorian bands of the Roman empire, these life-guards of the caliph began soon to interfere in affairs of state; and, taking advantage of some dissensions between two rival aspirants to the caliphate, seized upon the government themselves. Bagdad was taken by the Turks in 1055. Before the close of the eleventh century we find them on the borders of the Caspian sea. In process of time, extending their conquests daily, the Turks became masters of the whole vast empire of both races of caliphs—the race of Omar, and the Abasides, descendants of Mahomet. These extensive territories included Persia, Syria, Egypt, and the northern portion of Africa, now known as the Barbary States, together with the greater part of Asia Minor; and in the reign of Othman preparations were made to attack the Greek empire, of which Constantinople was the capital—the last remaining fragment of that stupendous dominion which the Roman power had built up through successions of ages. The threatened invasion was for a time averted by means of an alliance which John Cantacuzenus, the Greek emperor, brought about between his daughter and young Orcan, the son of the Turkish Sultan. At length, under Bajazet, surnamed the Thunderbolt, the Turks not only invaded the empire, but laid siege to Constantinople itself, which was saved from an immediate fall by the timely interposition of Tamerlane, the descendent of Shehgis-Khan, the founder of the great Tartar or Mogul Empire in Asia. This prince, who had already checked the course of the Turks in Syria and Persia, was urgently solicited by the enemies of Bajazet to come to the relief of Constantinople. He hearkened to an invitation so flattering to his prowess, and, as a preliminary, sent a polite message to Bajazet, requesting him to raise the siege of Constantinople, and give up immediately all his conquests. This modest proposal being received with the utmost scorn by the haughty Lultan, a battle ensued, in which the mighty army of Bajazet was routed, and he himself made prisoner. Some histories say that the captive monarch was confined in an iron cage, like a wild beast, and that he was made to stand with his body bent to serve as a footstool when his insulting conqueror wished to mount his horse.

The Turkish power, though checked, was not much shaken by this blow. After the death of Tamerlane, their designs against the Greek empire were renewed; and, after various interruptions from the Poles, who were then a powerful people, Constantinople was fully invested by the Turks under Mahomet the Great. This was in 1453. The indolent Greeks made few preparations for defence, trusting to an immense barricade of strong chains, which blocked up the entry to the port, and prevented all access to the enemy's ships. The genius of Mahomet very soon overcame this obstacle. He laid a channel of smooth planks for the length of six miles, and in one night's time he drew eighty galleys out of the water upon these planks; and next morning, to the great astonishment of the besieged, an entire fleet descended at once into the bosom of their harbor. The city was taken by assault, and with it fell the empire of the East, one thousand one hundred and twenty-three years from the time when Constantinople removed the seat of Government from Rome to Constantinople.

Constantinople became the capital of the Ottoman empire, which soon began to extend itself in Europe. All Greece was theirs, the island of Rhodes fell into their hands, and in a few years afterwards Moldavia, Walachia, and a great part of Hungary, were subdued by Solymaun, surnamed the magnificent. In 1571, Cyprus was taken from the Venetians; and now the Christian nations of Europe began to be filled with anxious apprehensions of this formidable power. The Pope exerted himself to stop the further progress of the infidels, who, carrying their religion on the point of their swords, made every place Mahometan which fell under their sway. A league was formed by the Holy See with the Venetians and with Philip II. of Spain, then the most wealthy Sovereign in Europe. A great naval armament was fitted out by the allied Powers, under Don John of Austria, consisting of two hundred and fifty ships of war, beside transports. The Turks were not behind in force. The two great fleets encountered each other in the Gulf of Lepanto, and an engagement ensued more memorable than any naval fight that had happened since the battle of Actium. The allied fleet under Don John was victorious—the Turks were wholly discomfited, losing over one hundred and fifty ships, and fifteen thousand slain—among whom was Ali, their Admiral. This great victory saved Christendom, or at least the whole South of Europe, from being overrun by the infidels, and checked the further advance of Turkish power for more than a century.

The battle of Lepanto was memorable on another account; a soldier there lost his left arm by the stroke of a sabre; but that soldier was *Cervantes*. It is a striking instance of the undying power of genius, that this incident happening to a private in the ranks, has given celebrity to a conflict in which the fate of Christian Europe hung suspended on the uncertain issue; and doubtless there are hundreds who remember Lepanto as the place where the author of Don Quixotte was wounded, without calling to mind that Don John of Austria commanded in the battle, or that Ali was slain, and his head stuck on the flag-staff of the Admiral's mast.

After the terrible overthrow of Lepanto, the Turks made no great attempts at conquest in Europe for a hundred years or more, although wars occurred at various times between them and the Venetians, and their other neighbors the Poles and Hungarians. At length, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the conquering propensity of the Ottoman race again broke forth, backed by the whole power of the empire. A mighty array swept over Hungary, and moving up the Danube, penetrated to Vienna, and laid siege to that imperial city. Here success had well nigh crowned their efforts—Vienna was on the point of falling when John Sobieski, the heroic king of Poland, came to its relief, compelled the Turks to raise the siege, and defeated them in battle with prodigious slaughter. This fearful invasion had been excited and stimulated by Louis XIV. of France, who scrupled not to use the Turks as the instruments of his animosity against the house of Austria.

From this time forward the Turks ceased to be a formidable power in Europe. The energy of the race had expended its rude force; all internal elements of strength had been developed; the principles of their religion, carried to their full ultimates, had matured the evils inherent therein, and the mighty body of the Ottoman empire lay like an unwieldy monster relapsing into a state of torpidity. From being the invader, Turkey was now called upon to repel invasions—for the power of Russia was on the increase since the days of Peter the Great; and as the ascending star of that northern colossus rose towards culmination, the crescent drooped and sent forth a paler ray. The essential principle of the Turkish Constitution—that unity of power which concentrates all the energies of the State, and puts them under the guidance of an individual will—however admirably adapted it may be for conquest and military operations, is altogether unsuited to the enlargement and prosperous growth of a nation in peace. The great mass of the people are of the only order which is tolerated in the empire—the lowest; and as there is no middle nor aristocratical class, how can there be any expansion or elevation of the servile multitude? Slaves they were born, and slaves they must remain. From this rank the officers of the empire are chosen, from the Grand Vizier downwards; and as they are raised from it by the will of the Sultan, they can be thrust back to it again at his pleasure. It is a maxim of Turkish policy that there should be no man or class in the State which the monarch may not destroy with at danger to himself. Perhaps the principle of despotism has never been carried out more fully in its nakedness any where than in Turkey. And now that the energy of that principle is exhausted, there is not recuperative power enough in the other elements of the national body to bring about a wholesome reaction. The declension and dissolution of an empire like the Turkish must, therefore, be more rapid and complete than would be likely to happen to a nation possessing vitality in all its members and extremities. When, for example, in France the despotic principal was carried to its extreme, under Louis XVI. and his two immediate successors, the revolution which followed brought into action a new spirit, powerful and deep-seated, which was enveloped from the agitated elements of the middle and lower classes. The history of Turkey, from the close of the seventeenth century, exhibits a succession of misfortunes, uninterrupted by any permanent success. Many of her best provinces have been appropriated by Russia; Greece has been torn from her; the Barbary States acknowledge no more than a nominal subjection, and hardly that; while at the present moment, Egypt and Syria, under a rebellious pasha, so far from confessing allegiance to the Porte, are threatening destruction to Constantinople. The effects of Mahmoud's efforts to resuscitate the empire seem to have ceased with his own life, as they depended in fact from the first upon his individual energy, which found little response in the thoughts and feelings of his subjects.

A complete history of the followers of Mahomet, so far as it has reference to the affairs of modern Europe and Christianity, is yet, we believe, an unwritten work. Three times has the safety of Christendom been jeopardied by collision with them. The first great era was when the Saracens, overrunning Syria, Egypt and Northern Africa, crossed over into Spain, and, possessing themselves of the kingdom, (save some mountainous regions where the brave Pelayo preserved the spark of Spanish liberty,) penetrated through the Pyrenees, and marched into the heart of France. Here, between Towers and Poictiers, they were met and defeated by Charles Martel, in one of the bloodiest battles on record. One million men are said to have fallen in the fight. The two other epochs have been already mentioned—one, when the conquests of the Ottaman race were checked at the battle of Lepanto: the other, when John Sobieski repulsed the Turks under the walls of Vienna. It is curious to speculate upon what would have been the aspect of Europe now, if these battles had terminated differently.

BURIED LOVE—JEALOUSY.—"I have read of one in story, who had laid his young love in the grave. The seasons came and went, and he found a melody in nature's going on. And a sweet cousin's voice that tempted him into the sunshine of their air, became the music of his happiness. One morn she was awake, and gazing on his features as the sun shone brightly through the casement on them—a large tear stole from his eye, and, in the low murmur of his dream, she caught the name of the departed. He awoke—and she reproached him tearfully with love, kept secret in his heart; and then he kissed her tears away, and told her that his love was faithful to her own—although in dreams sometimes an angel came to him and awoke a buried thought of one as beautiful." N. P. Willis.

QUARRELS.—Two things well considered would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1839.

The Reasons for Suspension.—We give place in another column to a formal exposition by the Banks of Philadelphia of the reasons which induced their Suspension of Specie Payments. We do so because we desire that the public should understand fully the grounds on which that step is justified, and thence proceed to correct conclusions on the great currency questions now demanding the action of the American People.

The Philadelphia Manifesto derives importance at once from its subject, its authors, and its doctrines. It is valuable for the truths it contains; it is scarcely less valuable for the dangerous fallacies to which it gives so palpable form that they may readily be discerned and rejected. Half the reasons given by the Philadelphia Bankers for their course might afford a full justification; all of them make their case rather worse than if they had offered no apology at all.

In the conclusion at which they arrive, we have already indicated our acquiescence. It appears evident enough that these Banks, or some of them, were unable to continue their payments in Specie. That is a sufficient reason, and the only sufficient reason, for *their* Suspension. Whether those Banks which were not directly involved in this necessity were also justified in Suspending by the consideration that upon the Suspension of the others a run upon their vaults would inevitably follow, and that, in the pressure which exists, they could not hope to meet that run successfully, may be questioned. But admit that also. The necessity of Suspension being thus established by the simple fact that the Banks were *unable* to continue their payments, we ask what reason can be urged for putting forward the catalogue of desultory and far-fetched causes contained in the Philadelphia Manifesto?

It is one of the worst features of this document that many of its positions seem taken merely because the Philadelphians felt constrained to offer some other reasons for their course than the proper and true ones. Thus it is made a matter of grave comment, if not complaint, that the New-York Banks resumed *too soon!* Too soon, indeed! Were they not able to pay Specie for their notes? The fact that they *have* done so for eighteen months past, ought to decide that question. Was not Exchange with all parts of the world in favor of New-York? Was not Specie a drug in Wall-street for weeks before they resumed? It was. Then why delay that great measure of soundness and honesty?

But the New-York Banks should not have resumed because all others were not able to do likewise! Admit the fact, and still it furnishes no reason. What satisfaction would it afford to a plain man who came for a hundred dollars in Specie to be told—"Sir, we might redeem our notes perfectly well, "but we will not, because the Banks of Georgia and Mississippi "do not pay theirs?" We have all along insisted that this is not a good reason. The Philadelphians have not shaken our faith.

It is not true, then, that the New-York Banks resumed under compulsion. They resumed because they were able to do so, and without asking or risking any farther indulgence. We know that certain Banks *did* resume under the spur of authority, but they were not those of New-York.

It is equally incorrect that the Bank of England continued suspended for twenty years "under similar circumstances" to those now or recently existing in this country. The "circumstances" which constrained her course were those of desolating, exhausting foreign war, and Government necessity. Besides, if the argument be worth any thing, it would prove that we ought not to resume these eighteen years—a time which we trust would be deemed too long, even for Philadelphia.

Once for all, let us here protest against the rigmarole about "sending the coin out of the country." That is a language better befitting the lower order of demagogues than those who should stand in the first rank of business men and bankers. The way to keep coin in the country is to buy no more abroad than our exports will pay for—not to buy and then refuse to pay. If those who owe in England are not able to pay let them break; but do not let us talk of stopping Specie Payments on purpose to swindle our foreign creditors. Besides, it would be easy to show that locking up the Bank vaults in order to prevent the exportation of Specie would prove as inefficient as immoral.

Enough of this document. Its many truths require no elucidation; its fallacies seemed to need exposition. We hope and trust that New-York will be able to persevere unto the end in the noble stand she has taken; and, if so, we have the most undoubting confidence that the ultimate consequences will add another to the many striking illustrations of the profound though trite maxim that rigid Honesty is by far the best Policy—that it is incomparably superior to *any* policy whatever.

TENNESSEE.—Hon. J. K. Polk was inaugurated Governor of this State, with appropriate ceremonies, on the 14th ult. Gen. Jackson, and Ex-Governors Carroll and Cannon were among the spectators.

Dr. John S. Young, of Warren County, Adm., was elected Secretary of State, on the 18th, over Luke Lea, the Opp. incumbent. Hon. Thomas Maney, Opp., was at the same time unanimously reelected Judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit.

Mr. Laughlin introduced into the Senate a series of resolutions closing with a nomination of Mr. Van Buren as President, and Mr. Polk as Vice-President, though avowing the determination of the dominant party to abide by the wish of a majority of their brethren in the other States, which on the 18th passed the Senate by a strictly party vote. Various motions were made by members of the Opposition to amend by the insertion respectively of the names of Col. Johnson, Gen. Wm. Carroll of Tennessee, and Mr. King of Alabama, but the majority were firm, and resisted all intrusions.

Mr. Coe has given notice in the Senate of his intention to introduce Resolutions of Instruction for Senators White and Foster.

MISSOURI.—The Adm. State Convention met at Jefferson city on the 14th ult., and nominated for Governor, Judge Thomas Reynolds, of Howard Co., and for the XXVIIth Congress, Hon. John Miller (present Member) and Judge John C. Edwards, of Cole county. (Election, August 1840.)

For the Special Election for Member of Congress, which was to be held on the 28th ult., they nominated John Jameson, of Calloway county. John Scott who had been nominated as the Opp. candidate, has declined, and Thornton Grimsley, of St. Louis, has been selected in his place.

NEW-JERSEY.—Hon. William Pennington has been reelected Governor, and Joseph C. Hornblower, Chief Justice, by the Legislature of this State. The vote was a strictly party one, and the Opp. majority 16.

GEORGIA.—We have not yet received the official returns of the election in this State. The 'Globe' makes the majority for McDonald, Adm., 1,910 in the whole State, which is probably about right. The 'Union' majority in each branch of the Legislature is large.

INDIANA.—The Chillicothe (Ohio) Gazette of the 14th instant states the Indiana Banks have suspended Specie Payments.

ILLINOIS.—Gov. Carlin, we learn by the St. Louis Gazette, has issued a Proclamation convening the Legislature of this State at Springfield on the second Monday of December.

IOWA.—Gov. Lucas has issued a Proclamation declaring Francis Gehon, Esq. duly elected a Delegate to Congress from that Territory. It appears that Congress, at its last session, passed a special act recognizing W. W. Chapman, elected Delegate in August, 1838, as the Member for two years. The Territorial Legislature, on the other hand, directed that another election should be held last August.—Parties have divided upon the power of the National or Territorial Governments in the premises, and the defenders of the former refused to join in the election. The result was, therefore, that Gehon received 843 votes, Chapman 24, and J. M. Robinson 13. Of course here will be another contested election for the House of Representatives to settle.

Dr. David Sturgeon, Treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania, is proposed as the Administration candidate for Senator from that State, in the place of Mr. McKean whose term expired on the 4th of March last. Judge Ellis Lewis declines being a candidate.

NEW-YORK.—The following County nominations have reached us since our last:

ADMINISTRATION.

Albany—James M. French of Albany, Charles F. Bouton of Rensselaerville and Hugh Scott of Westerlo.

Allegany—Jesse Angel of Almond, and Alanson Burr of Canaada.

Cattaraugus—Joseph T. Lyman of Hinsdale, and Ashbel H. Hurd of Persia.

Cayuga—Andrews Preston of Ira, David S. Titus of Aurelius, and Artemas Cady of Moravia.

Chemung—Guy Hulett of Veteran.

Columbia—Henry C. Barnes of Canaan, William E. Heermance of Greenport, and Frederick I. Curtiss of Ancram.

Cortland—David Coye and William H. Shankland.

Franklin—Samuel H. Payne of Fort Covington; for Sheriff, Loyall C. Lathrop.

Genesee—George Cooley of Attica, James R. Doolittle of Wethersfield, Solomon Morris, Jr. of Warsaw, and Samuel Willett of Batavia.

Herkimer—George Burch of Schuyler, and David Bellinger of Danube.

Jefferson—Robert Hugunin of Clayton, Calvin Skinner of Adams, and Joel Woodworth of Watertown.

New-York—Francis W. Lasak in place of Richard M. Raven, declined.

Niagara—C. Hotchkiss of Lewistown, and James M. Smith, Jr. of Lockport; for Sheriff, Stephen B. Bond.

Ontario—Azariah Bickford, and Peter Mitchell of Manchester.

Suffolk—David Halsey of Southampton, and John M. Williamson of Brookhaven.

Sullivan—John P. Jones of Thompson.

Tioga—Thomas Farrington of Owego.

Warren—Joseph Russell of Warrensburgh.

Westchester—Joseph Strang of Cortlandt, and Samuel B. Ferris of Northcastle.

Yates—Samuel S. Ellsworth.

OPPOSITION.

Albany—Henry G. Wheaton of Albany, Frederick Bassler of Knox, and Peter Flagler of Westerlo.

Broome—Cornelius Mersereau of Vestel.

Cattaraugus—George A. S. Crooker of Conewango, and Timothy H. Porter of Olean.

Chatauque—Odin Benedict of Ellery, George A. French of Pomfret, and William Rice of Clymer.

Chenango—Demas Hubbard, Jr.* of Sherburne, William Church of Coventry, and Samuel Plumb of Pitcher; for County Clerk, Alfred Purdy of Norwich.

Clinton—George M. Beckwith of Plattsburgh, (Cons.)

Cortland—Jabez B. Phelps of Preble, and William Barnes of Marathon.

Franklin—John S. Eldridge of Bombay; for Sheriff, Wm. Andrus of Malone.

Genesee—George W. Lay of Batavia, Alvah Jefferson* of Darien, Horace Healy* of Middlebury, and John W. Bronson of Gainesville.

Madison—Curtis Hoppin of Lebanon, Benjamin T. Clark of Cazenovia, and Noah M. Coburn of Stockbridge.

Monroe—Derick Sibley of Rochester, Enoch Strong of Perinton, and George Brown of Chili.

New-York—Jonathan Thompson, John I. Labagh, John B. Scoles, John Delamater, Thomas McElrath, Abraham R. Lawrence, Frederick Pentz, Samuel T. McKinney, Linus W. Stevens, James N. Reynolds, Alfred Carhart, Samuel G. Raymond, and Peter Sharpe; for Register, James Gulick.

Niagara—Peter B. Porter, Jr. of Niagara Falls, and Francis O. Mott of Somerset; for Sheriff, Theodore Stone of Lockport.

Orleans—John J. Walbridge of Gaines.

Oswego—William Duer of Oswego, and Nathan Salisbury of Sandy Creek.

Otsego—John Alexander of Burlington, David Hough of Unandilla, and George W. Chase of Maryland.

Suffolk—Gilbert C. Hunting of Southampton, and John Post of Brookhaven.

Tompkins.—Robert Swartwout, of Hector, William H. L. Bogart, of Ithaca; for Sheriff, Edward L. Porter of Ithaca.

Yates.—Abraham Wagener, of Jerusalem.

* Members of last year.

Look at Home.—It is but too true—we may cry 'Bank' or 'No Bank,' 'Sub-Treasury' or 'Anti-Sub-Treasury,' and we may write and talk about the Currency to the end of the chapter, but however a want of financial management may have precipitated the present crisis,—it is but too true that we must *look at home* for the real origin—the first cause of our present troubles. A want of private economy is the radical defect in our management—a love of show—a vulgar ambition to appear rich, to wear finery and surround themselves with luxury, is the besetting weakness of our countrymen. The last years' importation of the two sumptuary articles Silk and Champaigne would alone relieve us from the pressure of debt that is now weighing down the whole community. And how brief are the years since these articles, now become necessaries to the many, have been regarded as luxuries to be but rarely enjoyed by the few? Marryat, in his late work upon this country, speaks of the rich household furniture, the rare articles of apparel, the wines and choice groceries that are exposed for sale in more than a hundred towns in this country, as surpassing in cost and sumptuousness any merchandise of the kind that may be found in England, save by resorting to the Metropolis. Now who are the purchasers in these hundred markets of imported luxury? Whence come the means of purveying for all this extravagance? Are they paid for by those who inherit means ample enough for their indulgence in every superfluity; or by those who, commencing life with no means at all, have, by long years of untiring industry, accumulated large fortunes? Why the number of such men of either class is yet so few among us that any one city of the Union could more than meet their demand. They must be bought then by many who have no right to indulge in such extravagance, and who, if their honest judgement was not overborne by the idle vanity of mimicking the style of living of some wealthier neighbor, would be quick to ridicule and condemn their own folly in others. But it is only when people are hedged in with out of door mismanagement and dismayed at the near approach of ruin that they are at last compelled to look at home. Weller's dinners and Paulding's wines are not bad; but neither are Mutton and Turnips, with a bottle of Newark cider, to be despised when quarterly bills are taken into consideration.

Hounding Floridians.—Carlysle, in his eccentric but admirable work upon the French Revolution, when wishing to stigmatise in the strongest terms the horrors of Jacobin atrocity, assimilates them to the barbarities practised by the Spaniards in hunting down the Indians of the new world with blood-hounds. How withering would be the denunciation of this eloquent historian, were the Spanish proposition which is now seriously discussed in some of our newspapers presented to his indignant eye! To import dogs from Cuba—to borrow hounds from the Spaniard to hunt the Seminole! Who, in the name of outraged America, *dared* to broach this monstrous proposition? Whence—how—by what process of infernal inspiration did such wickedness enter the brain of an American? Was the cruelty generated here upon our shores—or is it of foreign graft—a foul bequest—an heir-loom that has come down to us from the times of Cortes and Pizarro—the claiming and the use of which will publish us the fitting successors and representatives of the torturers of Montezuma and Guatomotzin? What with the stain which Gen. Jesup's treachery has left upon our flag, the failure that has attended our arms, and this last monstrous proposition for a new mode of carrying on the war, it would seem that the aboriginal Floridians are not to be destroyed without leaving a blot and a stigma upon our national character which centuries of glory can hardly efface.

Hon. Thomas Lee, Judge of the United States District Court for the District of South Carolina, and President of the State Bank, died at Charleston on the 24th of October, aged about seventy years. The deceased was highly and universally esteemed, and in the course of his long life had filled various offices of great trust and responsibility.

David Dale Owen, U. S. Geologist and the head of a corps of 130 men engaged in the exploration of Iowa Terri-, whose death we announced last week, appears still to survive. The report probably arose from the death of one of the subordinates of the party.

School District Libraries.—If we have not often called the attention of the friends of Education throughout the State to the importance of having every District supplied with a School Library, the omission has been induced by a confidence that all would realize the truth without its special and repeated representation. We regret to learn from an authentic source that such is not the fact, but that now, though eighteen months have elapsed since the Library became a distinct feature of our State system of Common School Education, there are still from *one-third* to *one-half* of the Districts wholly unsupplied.

We regret this delinquency on several accounts. In the first place, the Districts which neglect to supply themselves with Libraries, when they may be obtained at so trifling a cost to them compared with their value, will generally be those which need them most. Again: we apprehend that many of them must have neglected to procure their Libraries in the mistaken belief that the State appropriation thus left undrawn may be obtained next year, when it will amount to a sufficiency for the purchase of a Library. This is expressly negatived by the law, which provides that, whenever a District shall neglect to appropriate during the year its share of Public Money to the purpose for which it is designed, such money shall be forfeited, and revert to the State again.—Every District, therefore, which neglects to procure a Library is simply and most insanely throwing away its portion of the Library Fund. We again earnestly entreat the friends of Education to give *immediate* attention to this subject—an attention commensurate with its enduring importance. Let not your exertions be confined to your own Districts respectively, but take care that *every* District within your several counties be speedily and properly supplied. Let the subject be brought prominently before every School District Meeting this Fall; and let County Meetings, if practicable, be held in each County during the month of November, to take care that every District is supplied.

With regard to the selection of books, we are far less solicitous. We say, Procure a library at any rate, and if the selection be not a good one, you can improve it at leisure.—We believe the selection published by the Harpers, under the sanction of Hon. John A. Dix, late Secretary of State, and John C. Spencer, his successor, somewhat modified at the suggestion of the latter, is the best which can be procured; but if any think differently, or have a mind to test their own talent for selection, very well. If, however, a Library is to be made up by choosing at large from the shelves of a bookstore, it must be evident that the selecter should combine decided ability with a rare knowledge of books, and that, after all, the choice should be made with perfect disinterestedness and careful discrimination.

The Districts which have already procured one series of volumes will need little urging to go forward and increase their collection as fast as their means will allow. We observe with pleasure that the Harpers' Second Series (fifty volumes for twenty dollars) contains '*The Farmers' Instructer*,' in two volumes, by Hon. JESSE BUEL, just deceased; a work of which we early perceived the necessity in a School Library, and the preparation of which we urged upon the lamented author as well as its importance upon the publishers. We need not add that Judge Buel, of all men in the State or Nation, was best calculated to compile such a work. Beside this, there is a further Treatise on Agriculture by Judge Buel, (one volume,) all of Sparks's American Biography, (ten volumes) of Plutarch's Lives, (four volumes,) of Tytler's Universal History, (six volumes,) &c. &c. This Series is equally valuable as and more interesting than the First. A Third Series is in preparation.

Temptation to Emigrate.—In times like these, when almost every one who opens his eyes to the distress that prevails around him, must awaken with some shrewd suspicion that he himself has been living beyond his means, it is pleasant to find that economy has not wholly deserted the land; but it is our hardworking frontier men who set us this example of frugality and judicious laying up for the future. At a recent land sale at Galena $40,000, out of $50,000 which was received from the sales, were the savings of settlers, $5,000 only being furnished by capitalists. The district of country where these lands are situated having been settled only within the last three or four years, such ability to purchase on the part of the pioneers, proves that they must have had good return from their labor for the time they have been employed.

The Patrick Henry.—This new liner, which is to start on her first voyage on the 7th instant, is now attracting a large number of visiters as she lies at the wharf. The steamships, it has been thought, would so throw the sailing packets into the shade, that the newspapers would no longer have to chronicle the launch of new ones that could vie in splendor with such as we have seen. Here, though, is a new ship, more commodious, and perhaps more elegant, than any of the class to which she belongs. In saying this, we say all that is necessary to give the reader an idea of her nautical beauty as a model, or of her magnificent cabin accommodations; for, verily, our vernacular upon either side of the Atlantic has been taxed to the utmost in doing justice to the rare workmanship of this class of vessels.

Deferred Articles.

The New-York Mirror of the 19th ult. contained a beautiful engraving representing 'The Landing at Jamestown,' Virginia, illustrating a story by Mr. Paulding, entitled 'The Cradle of the New World.' The Mirror is at least as attractive now as in its palmiest days.

☞ The Methodist Episcopal Church at Gloucester Point, N. J. on the Delaware, below Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire on the 20th ult.

A Fire at *Cambridgeport, Mass.*, occurred on the 20th ult., in the steam box factory owned by R. & R. Douglass, and occupied by Osborne and Burgess, which was destroyed, with a carpenter's shop adjoining. Two neigboring dwelling houses were nearly destroyed.

The Conservatives of this city had a great meeting at National Hall on Wednesday evening, to receive the report of their Delegates to the Syracuse Convention. Hon. Hugh S. Legare, of South Carolina, spoke an hour and a half with great spirit and ability.

Wm. L. Mackenzie remains in prison at Rochester, under the sentence of Judge Thompson. The President has been petitioned by many thousands to pardon him, but, according to the Commercial Advertiser, has declared that he will not grant the pardon on any consideration. The story that Mackenzie was shot at through the prison window is pronounced a hoax.

Bradford Sumner, Esq., has been nominated as the Adm. candidate in the Boston district, Mass. in opposition to Abbot Lawrence, for the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Fletcher.

Edward V. Davis, heretofore announced as the Adm. for the XXVIIth Congress in the Third District of Louisiana we perceive, by the papers of that State, is dead.

Nathaniel B. Borden, a Member of the last Congress, has been nominated as one of the Opp. candidates for the State Senate in Bristol Co., Mass.

West H. Humphreys, Esq., is warmly pressed by the papers of West Tennessee, of both political parties, as one of the Adm. candidates for the U. S. Senate in view of the expected vacancies. His chance seems to be good, as that part of the State has not had a Senator in some time.

Samuel Craig, Esq. the Treasurer of the State of Mississippi, and Adm. candidate for re-election, has resigned his office, and withdrawn from the ticket. James G. Williams, of Monroe Co. has been selected to fill his place, and has been appointed by Gov. McNutt to the vacancy.

Difficulties on the South-Western Frontier.—The St. Louis Bulletin of the 17th instant, publishes a correspondence taken from the Ozark (Arkansas) Standard of the 7th. It seems probable that we may have some serious difficulties with the Cherokees. Gen. Arbuckle has been ordered by the Government to demand of John Ross the murderers of the Ridges and Boudinot; but it seems that Ross refuses to give them up. In obedience of orders, Gen. Arbuckle will of course attempt to take them by force, which will be apt to lead to a war.

Osmyn Baker, Esq. of Amherst, Mass. has been nominated by the District Convention as the Opposition candidate for Congress, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Alvord. His election can hardly be doubted.

THE PHILADELPHIA BANKS.

At an adjourned meeting of the delegates from the Banks of the city of Philadelphia and adjoining districts, held on Wednesday evening, October 23d, 1839, the Committee appointed at a previous meeting, to prepare and report an address to the citizens of Pennsylvania, presented the following, which was read and unanimously adopted, and directed to be signed by the chairman and secretaries, and published in all the daily papers:

To the Citizens of Pennsylvania:

The Banks of Philadelphia having decided to suspend for a time the payment of their notes in specie, deem it their duty to explain to the citizens of Pennsylvania, the reasons of that measure. This they will do frankly and briefly.

In May, 1837, the Banks in New-York suspended payments in specie, and the rest of the Union followed their example. This just and necessary measure was required by the commercial relations between this country and Europe; and all the Banks of the United States immediately directed their efforts to assist the country in the honorable discharge of its debts, and to prepare for the resumption of specie payments. These operations were proceeding in a manner easy for the country and satisfactory to its foreign creditors when their progress was disturbed by a premature effort for a general resumption of specie payments. The Banks of New-York were unfortunately constrained by law to resume on a given day, whatever might be the state of the country; and they naturally endeavored to induce all the other Banks to do voluntarily what they were compelled to do. This purpose was effected, aided as it was by the impatience of the public, by the competition of political parties anxious to appropriate to their respective sides the popularity expected from hastening the resumption, and by feelings of local pride, which prevented many from declining to do what in reality they disproved, and accordingly a day of resumption was named.

The Banks of Philadelphia were quite as ready to resume as those who were most anxious to begin, for they had greatly reduced their liabilities, and one of their number had no less than $7,357,000 in its vaults. But they believed that the country at large had not yet sufficiently recovered from the violent shock to be ready for resumption. They recollected that under similar circumstances the Bank of England had continued her suspension for upward of twenty years, and they avowed their apprehension that a resumption in the unprepared state of the country must be followed by a relapse. Over-ruled in this judgment, and obliged at the hazard of greater evils to unite in the resumption, they sincerely co-operated in it; and, being satisfied that the measure, in order to be useful or permanent, must be general, they made great efforts and large advances to the Southern and South-western States, who were thus enabled, almost exclusively by the assistance of the Philadelphia Banks, to unite in the resumption. But the inefficiency of the measure soon became obvious.

The Southern and South-western States, placed by the resumption too much in advance of the crops, which alone could sustain them, gave way at the earliest demand for specie, thus breaking the general line of resumption and weakening the Atlantic Banks by the amount of the advances made to support them. Nor was this all. The delusive appearance of the resumption worked injuriously on both sides of the Atlantic. In this country it caused the belief that all danger was over, and individuals rushed into new enterprises, and States undertook new improvements, relying on the enjoyment of the old facilities of credit. Abroad, the extraordinary and honorable efforts made to discharge its debts, exalted the character of the country; and merchants hastened to sell on credit, and capitalists to lend on the public securities of a people who had been thus faithful to their engagements.

It was then that the anticipations, under which the Philadelphia Banks gave their reluctant ascent to the measure were realized. And now, after little more than a year of nominal resumption, the Southern and South-western States are more embarrassed than ever. The Atlantic Banks are weakened by their fruitless endeavors to aid those States—the commercial debt to Europe is larger than at the resumption—the debt of the States in Europe much larger, and the specie means of the country much diminished. The premature resumption of specie payments therefore has left the country in a state of exhaustion, which has prevented its being able to stand the new shock which forms the more recent and direct cause of the present suspension, the drain of specie to England.

In our relations with England she is largely and habitually a creditor. Like all other creditors, she is willing to buy more and to lend more while her own situation is perfectly easy—but when she is herself pressed, she ceases to lend, ceases to buy, and proceeds at once to exact payment. Thus, in ordinary times, she receives payment for goods in our own produce, or in our own funds, and rarely requires, because she rarely needs, specie. But a sudden trouble has come upon England, which reverses the whole of our relations. Her crops have failed, and she is forced to protect her people against famine by purchasing food, and this not from our country, which might furnish a market for our crops, but from her neighbors who can furnish it cheaper than we can—and as these are comparatively small consumers of her products, she must pay with specie for her food. Accordingly the Bank of England alone has been obliged to furnish more than thirty-five millions of dollars in specie to be shipped abroad—a drain that has threatened that institution with suspension. By the latest statement of her affairs, it appears that with immediate demands for which she is liable, of £25,742,000, the whole stock of specie is only £2,800,000, and this after borrowing from the Bank of France £2,000,000—so that without this extraordinary aid, her position would have been extremely critical.

The consequence is that money has risen to twice or three times its ordinary value—that the staples of this county are unsalable except at ruinous sacrifices—that the stocks of this country sent by the States, or by the Banks, or by individuals, are wholly inconvertible, leaving as the safest and the favorite mode of payment, the exportation of specie. The demand for this article is still farther increased by the efforts made in England to produce relief at home. The manufacturer, pressed by some urgent want, empties his warehouse into the packets, and selling his goods here at a small sacrifice, for notes which are discounted at a second sacrifice, he ships the specie, which reaches England in time to relieve him, leaving this country flooded with goods, without any regard to its wants or its consumption.

The result is that the coin of this country is wanted in England, to send to the continent for food; that a very large portion of it has already gone, and that the rest will probably follow. The Banks of Philadelphia have already contributed many millions—one single Bank of their number having since the resumption in August 1838, paid no less than $8,712,000, in this city alone, and the demand seems to increase instead of subsiding.

Under these circumstances, they have had to adopt one of two alternatives—either to force the community by sacrifices of its property to pay its debts to the Banks in gold and silver, to be shipped forthwith to England, or else to resort to a temporary suspension until the community as well as the Banks could have time to recover from the effects of these foreign troubles. They have not hesitated to prefer the latter, as being the most conducive to the true interests of the State; and they confidently rely that their motives will be duly appreciated by the public authorities of the commonwealth. To that commonwealth they owe their existence, and they regard her prosperity as a paramount consideration, to which they have always sacrificed their own merely pecuniary interests. Every loan wanted for the service of the State, every great improvement for the development of its resources, has always found a constant and liberal contributor in the Banks; nor is it an exaggerated statement that four-fifths of the funds for the Internal Improvements of the State, have been contributed by the Banks.

On the whole, the views which the Banks of Philadelphia wish to present are these:

That they were reluctantly obliged to unite in the resumption last year, declaring if it were postponed for farther preparation it would be general and permanent.

That events have proved the resumption to have been premature, weakening the Banks and the country.

That in this exhausted condition they have to encounter a fresh demand for specie, to buy food for the people of England, which threatens to drain the last dollar from their vaults.

That every motive of prudence which caused the suspension of 1837, applies with much greater influence at the present moment; and that the Banks of Philadelphia have thought themselves justified to resort to it, as the only remaining protection for the interests intrusted to their care.

In adopting it, however, the Banks would not cast the remotest censure on those institutions which pursue a different course. They desire only to explain themselves, not to criminate others. They think that it was impracticable for them to continue specie payments without sacrificing the community around them.

Their own proceedings they thus submit to the people of Pennsylvania, who are the best judges of their correctness; but the Banks confidently pledge themselves for the sincerity of their views in adopting it, their honest anxiety to protect the interests of the State, and to husband its resources from being swept away by this current to England, and they now respectfully but anxiously wait the opinion of the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

JOHN WHITE, Chairman.

WILLIAM WELSH, } Secretaries.
JAS. S. NEWBOLD, }

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

John Henry Young to be Clerk to the Commissioner for running the boundary line between the United States and the Republic of Texas.

Charles Evens, of Florida, to be Marshal of the United States for the District of West-Florida.

R. B. Gilchrist, of South-Carolina, to be Judge of the United States for the District of South-Carolina, in the place of Thomas Lee, deceased. [Globe.

Loss of the Schooner Gentile.—The schooner Gentile, from Mobile for Galveston, is reported to have been wrecked on the Texas coast, twenty miles east of the mouth of Brassos river, about the 5th ult. The captain, passengers and crew, with the exception of one of the hands, were lost.

[New-Orleans Bee, 28th ult.

Water Proof Cloth.—The water proof cloth of various quality and texture, manufactured by the Lowell Water Proof Company, is exciting much attention, and will, we doubt not, prove a valuable invention. If a piece of it is extended over a glass vessel, and hot water poured upon it, the steam will pass, and be condensed on the vessel, but not a drop of water will pass through the cloth, showing that it is porous, but water tight, and will admit the passage of air or steam. If a piece is placed beneath a trickling rill of water from a water-cock all night, the under side of the cloth will be found free from dampness. From this it would seem that cartridges prepared of this cloth, might be submerged a long time in water, and then fired; and thus a magazine could be drowned in case of fire on ship-board, without injuring the powder! With a pea-jacket of this prepared cloth, no sailor need 'turn in wet, and turn out smoking,' as has been often the lot of poor Pilgarlick, in days gone by.

Neither will moths trouble it; and as they are wont to do with other kinds of cloths, puncture holes in it in summer, to let in water in winter. As an article for the manufacture of caps it must prove of great value; and we may now hope to see the awkward-looking and inconvenient fur hat—which is not a fit covering for the head either in summer or winter—laid upon the shelf.

Such are a few of the advantages which the community will derive from this invention, and the water proof cloth can be furnished at a price but a little exceeding the price of cloth of similar texture, and of the ordinary character. Many other advantages will at once occur to the mind of the reader.

[Boston Journal.

This cloth was exhibited at the Fair in this city, and he who passes through William street, between Maiden Lane and Liberty streets, may any day see the amphibious thing in the full tide of successful experiment in front of a warehouse.

Superior Court.—Before Judge Tallmadge.—Benjamin Levy *vs.* The Jefferson Insurance Company.—This case which has occupied the Court during Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week, was decided yesterday by the jury rendering a verdict for the plaintiff. It was an action on a policy of insurance for $2000, dated Nov. 15, 1838, upon the stock of goods in the store of plaintiff, situated at the corner of Fulton and High streets, Brooklyn.

The policy of insurance was produced and admitted, as were the usual preliminary proofs necessary to establish the plaintiff's claim.

The defence set up was that the plaintiff had been guilty of fraud, first in having fired his own premises, and secondly that the estimate of damages claimed of the defendants as lost by the fire, was far overrated and so overrated, with a view to recover a greater amount than the loss really sustained, and thus to defraud the insurers.

The fire it appeared occurred on the 9th of January, 1839.

The defendants failed to sustain the first position and to prove the fraud a most extraordinary, *unnatural* and unheard of measure was adopted, and one which imparts to the case, its only feature of interest. It was the introduction upon the stand of the mother, two sisters, and two brothers of the plaintiff, for the purpose of establishing the allegation of fraud, while the father was also present during the whole trial, and in close communion with the counsel for the defendant.

After the testimony of the relatives of the plaintiff had closed, a number of witnesses were introduced for the purpose of impeaching their testimony, and which, as the result proves, was effectual, for the jury, under charge of the court, rendered a verdict for the plaintiff of 2000 with interest and costs.

Counsel for the plaintiff C. O'Connor; for the defendants J. R. Whiting.

Sickness at the South.—The New-Orleans Bee of the 20th instant says—"A gentleman who has lately passed through Opelousas and Attakapas, informs us that at Franklin, St. Martinsville and other places, the sickness had greatly increased, and the mortality, in proportion to the population, was considerable."

The interments at New Orleans during the week, ending 20th instant, were 55 at the Bayou cemetery; 25 from the Hospital—19 of Yellow Fever. At the Protestant cemetery, 4 interments—one of fever.

The Mobile Commercial Register of the 21st instant, says: "Deaths have occurred since our last by black vomit of the most malignant character. Some of the persons had but lately returned to the city, and others were old residents.—The weather has been remarkably cool, closely approaching winter, in the morning and evening, though there are as yet no signs of a frost."

The Natchez Courier of the 17th, says: "For the 24 hours ending 5 o'clock yesterday, the sexton reports 1 interment; disease—consumption. The sexton reported 22 deaths for the week, ending yesterday; 16 of Yellow Fever, 1 of Dysentery, and 5, the diseases of which were not reported."

Hon. Archibald Yell, Member of the last Congress from Arkansas, is proposed as the Administration candidate for Governor of that State at the next election.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

The packet ship Independence arrived on Wednesday morning last, bringing our foreign advices down to a period nine days later than those brought by the steam ship Liverpool. For the following summary of news we are indebted to the Commercial Advertiser of this city, a journal always superior in that department.

ENGLAND.—*The Harvest.*—The accounts of the harvest, although at considerable variance in different parts of the country, on the whole leave scarcely a doubt that a large portion of the Wheat crop has been irretrievably damaged, and that the Oat and Barley crops were in serious jeopardy. Large orders had been sent to the continent; and the necessity of parting with heavy amounts of gold in payment for foreign grain, could no longer be questioned.

Bank of England.—A suspension of specie payments by the Bank of England was freely spoken of; and the general impression was that such a measure must be resorted to before Christmas.

It was believed in London that the Bank of England had been compelled to seek assistance from Hamburg, similar to that obtained from the Bank of France. This belief was founded on the fact that bills to a large amount, endorsed by an eminent house in Hamburg, in favor of the chief cashier of the Bank, had been paid by several houses in London.

Bank of the United States.—The arrangements with the Rothschilds, for the acceptance of the U. S. Bank drafts protested by Hottinguer had been carried into effect.

Another topic for comment and rumor was afforded on the 26th of September, by the application of Mr. Jaudon to the Bank of England for assistance. A great number of statements are published in reference to this transaction; but the fact seems to be that Mr. Jaudon's embarrassment was caused by the refusal of Hope & Co. of Amsterdam, to make advances which he expected and required, to meet the post-notes falling due in London; that aid to the amount of £300,000 was granted by the Bank, on the guarantee of four great houses largely engaged in the American trade; that it was in three per cent. consols, to avoid increasing the Bank's note circulation; and that consols gave way ¼ per cent. in consequence of the transaction.

Private letters say that the harvest has turned out better than the papers represent it. The Barings write that the Bank of England will not suspend specie payments. The merchants and banks in this city who have remitted post notes of the Bank of the United States, must feel greatly relieved by the knowledge that provision has been made for their payment, by the advance of consols to Mr. Jaudon.

A petition was presented to the Common Council of London, on the 26th September, from the 'Oberlin Institution in aid of the Abolition of Slavery in the United States,' asking pecuniary assistance. This institution is established in Ohio; and receives white and colored pupils without distinction. The petition was referred to a committee.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor was again arrested at Manchester on the 20th of September, for a seditious conspiracy, making seditious speeches, &c.—He was held to bail for trial. This is about all we find in reference to the Chartists.

Col. Pasley succeeded, September 23, in firing one of his enormous submarine mines of powder against the wreck of the Royal George. The cylinder contained 2,320 pounds, and was ignited by the galvanic spark. The effect upon the water was grand and imposing in the extreme. What it was upon the wreck had not yet been ascertained.

The Hon. Thomas Babington Macauley has been appointed Secretary of War, in the place of Lord Howick, resigned. Mr. Macauley has a seat in the Cabinet. The papers abound with rumors of Lord Clarendon's appointment to some high office.

Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, a gallant and distinguished officer, and Governor of Greenwich Hospital, is dead. He served under Lord Nelson, and it was in his arms that Nelson expired.

The death of Mr. Justice Vaughan is also announced.

One of the Paris papers—La France—asserts that the intended marriage of Queen Victoria to the young Coburg prince has been officially announced to the French government.

The affair of Lady Flora Hastings still occupies a large space in the English papers; and it is discussed with an amplitude of detail, and vehemence of comment, little creditable to the taste of the writers. Lord Portman, it is said, intends publishing a reply to the 'statement' of the Marquis of Hastings.

Emigration to Texas, from England, appears to be one of the prevailing hobbies. A letter from Mr. Kennedy, who lately traveled in the United States and Texas, has been extensively published in England, describing the advantages of the new Republic in glowing terms, and strongly urging emigration.—This has called forth a reply from Mr. Sturge, who rates the Texans roundly on the score of slavery.

Miss Julia Webster, daughter of Daniel Webster, was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 24th of September, to Samuel Appleton, Esq. of Boston. A large and fashionable company was present at the ceremony, among whom we notice 'the American Minister and lady, Mr. Rush, and two of Mr. Webster's associates in the Senate of the United States—Mr. Linn, of Missouri, and Mr. Young of Illinois.'

The Leicestershire papers comment with great and just indignation upon the extraordinary decision of certain magistrates in that county, who fined a young man 40 shillings and costs, for cleaning his shoes on Sunday morning, before going to church! The complaint was made by the lad's employer, with whom he had lived two years, and who admitted that his conduct as a servant was irreproachable.

An immense camp-meeting was held at Kilsyth, in Scotland, continuing many days, and attended by clergymen of various denominations, as well as by great numbers of persons from all parts of the country. The excitement, exhibited both by preachers and hearers, as described in the papers, appears to have been in no degree inferior to that produced at some of our camp-meetings in the Western States.

Lord Londonderry has got into a squabble with the clergy of Ripon, about a duel in which he was engaged some time ago. A correspondence took place between the Rev. H. J. Duncombe, and the noble Marquis, in the course of which the contumacious nobleman says, "I cannot surrender the decision upon a point affecting my personal and professional honor to the opinions of a body of clergymen, however respectable; and the same case occurring must be met in the same manner by me, and I am perfectly confident would be equally so dealt with by all British officers."

FRANCE.—The treaty with Texas was signed at Paris on the 25th of September, but would not be published until ratified by the Senate of the Republic.

Renewed disturbances had taken place in various parts of France, occasioned by the high price of bread, and the apprehension of a scarcity. At Lille the riots continued two days, and were finally suppressed by the military. At Bellesme, in the department of Orne, where the populace rose to prevent the departure of wagons laden with grain, the National Guards refused to act against them. The riot was put down by the Gendarmerie, but not until after a stout resistance. Troops of the line had been ordered to Bellesme.

The harvest in France was not below an average, but prices were high and a deficiency was seriously feared. In Paris and other large cities the people were demanding a free importation of foreign grain.

The Government, it is said, looks to America for relief, as there the harvest has been good; and the French will find it more profitable to encourage the importation of flour, than to cram their warehouses with cotton, for which there is at present no demand in the French Market.

The King, it seems, was again under apprehensions for his life; and strict precautions were taken for his safety whenever he appeared in public. He had countermanded a review at Paris, which was to take place in his presence.

A plan for colonizing New Zealand has been got up in Paris, and taken into consideration by the ministry.

Prince Achille Murat has received permission to remain in France.

Don Carlos arrived at Bourges on the 21st of September, with his wife, son and brother. A commissary-general of police was sent thither from Paris to keep an eye upon his doings.

SPAIN.—The accounts from this kingdom are interesting only as they show the progress of those important events of which we had information by the arrival of the Liverpool. Estella, the capital of Navarre, and long the head quarters of the pretender, submitted to the Queen's troops soon after his flight across the frontier. Cabrera still held out, but it was reported that he had transmitted a large amount of money to Italy, whence it was inferred that he would not long remain behind. The canon Tristany, one of the most famous of the Carlist partizans, had been made prisoner.

The Count d'Espagne also held out, but he was negotiating with the English commissioners.

The Duke Decazes had been employed by the King of France to treat with Don Carlos for a formal renunciation of his claims to the throne; and it was intimated that the King's next step would be a marriage between one of his sons and the young Queen Isabel.

PORTUGAL.—The only news of interest from this kingdom is the following, contained in a letter from Lisbon, dated September 16:

The timely discovery of a deeply laid Miguelite conspiracy, with extensive ramifications throughout the kingdom, has in a great measure diverted the attention of the government and newsmongers, for the time, from the now monotonous slave trade suppression bill. This plot was made known by a rather curious coincidence—first, by a letter being found on the person of a guerilla who was recently killed in the north; and, secondly, by a municipal patrol, on Thursday evening last, accidentally picking up, in the Rua de San Mamede, a packet of letters, containing a confirmation of the correspondence, together with a combined plan, on an extensive scale, and of such a nature as to warrant the immediate apprehension of their ring-leader in this city, M. Antonio de Albuquerque, a rich landed proprietor near Braga, and a relative of the Countess de Anadia, who is safely lodged in the *segredo*, (dungeon.) Orders for the arrest of two other well-known personages, his accomplices, who got safely off, and are supposed to have taken refuge at a *quinto* near Braga, have been issued.

HOLLAND.—A spot of trouble has arisen to disturb the royal family of the Netherlands, in the resolution of the King, 67 years old, to marry the Countess d'Outremont; to which his children are vehemently opposed, because, 1st, she is not of a sovereign family; 2d, because she is by birth a Belgian, and was lately first lady of honor to the Queen of that kingdom; and finally because she is a Catholic. All this, however, does not shake the determination of the old King, who has declared, it is said, that he would rather abdicate than forego the marriage. The Countess is 42 years of age. She had gone to Rome to obtain a dispensation authorizing her to marry a Protestant.

TURKEY AND EGYPT.—Matters at Constantinople and Cairo remained for the most part in *statu quo*. Mehemet still adhered to his terms, and his obstinacy sadly perplexed the representatives of the five powers—or some of them. A manifesto, guaranteeing the integrity of the Turkish empire and the maintenance of the present dynasty, had been presented to the Sultan by the Ambassadors of England, France, and Austria; but it is said that those of Russia and Prussia had refused to sign it.

The British fleet in the Levant had been reinforced by the addition of three line-of-battle ships and a steamer; and a farther increase was expected.

EAST INDIES.—The death of Runjeet Singh, the astute and powerful ruler of the Punjaub, is at length announced; and trouble was anticipated in consequence. His quota of troops sent in aid of the Anglo-British invasion of Affghanistan, as soon as they heard of his death, betook themselves to their heels, leaving their British Commander, Col. Slade, almost alone.

Four of Runjeet Singh's wives, and seven slave girls, mounted his funeral pile and were burnt to death.

The 'Old Lion,' in his will, bequeathed to the temple of Juggernaut the large and celebrated diamond which he took, some twenty years ago, from Shah Sooja. The Bengal Hurkaru suggests that the British ought to claim it in behalf of the original proprietor, and keep it or sell it to repay the expenses of placing him on the throne.

CHINA.—The recent movements at Canton have attracted less attention in England than was to be expected. The papers generally discountenance the idea that the government will assume the loss upon the opium, or make it the ground of hostile proceedings. Some of them, however, predict war.

PERU.—Papers from Lima to the 6th August have been received. The Congress of Huancayo, for the election of President and the organization of the State, would meet on the 15th of the month.

Mr. Pickett had not arrived at Callao.

The Secretary of the Home Department in a despatch to the Prefect of the Department of Junin, uses the following severe language towards foreigners in Peru. The feeling of the government is understood to be decidedly adverse to foreigners:

"His Excellency the President (Gamarra) has already instructed me to say to foreign ministers and consuls that their fellow-citizens should enjoy all protection and hospitality, but that they should have nothing to do with the internal affairs of the country. The policy of the Peruvian Government in relation to foreigners is confined to their prevention from interfering in the administration of the State, and from receiving any advantages which are reserved for Peruvians alone: We may thus escape from the humiliating pupilage in which foreigners wish to hold us, and then we may grant favors, if national interests shall allow us to associate without risk with foreigners."

In the Republic of Bolivia General Ballivian had again taken arms against the President Velasco in favor of General Santa Cruz. [Globe.

Kentucky State Loan.—A meeting, called by Governor Wickliffe, with a view to promote Kentucky improvements, by a sale of State bonds to individual capitalists, was held at Lexington, on the 21st ult. It was well attended. After an address from the Governor giving a statement of the condition of the State finances, and an animated appeal to the patriotism of capitalists to come forward, and support the interest and credit of the State, which was seconded by addresses in the same spirit from several other gentlemen, a Committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions for the purchase of the bonds. The committee entered immediately upon their duty, and before the meeting dispersed, they procured subscriptions to a very handsome amount.

Fire in Skaneateles.—The dwelling house of J. S. Furman, Esq., situated on the hill about a quarter of a mile north of the village of Skaneateles, was destroyed by fire on the 23th ult. The edifice was of wood, and was probably worth about $2,500. There was no insurance on the property destroyed. The furniture on the premises was mostly saved. [N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

Indian Outfit.—The steamer Pizarro left St. Louis on the 3d ult. for the mouth of the Kansas river, with the following cargo, viz: 20 spinning wheels, 20 looms and their appendages, 300 axes, 100 ploughs, and $10,000 in specie. This outfit is for the Iowa and other Indians.

NEW-YORK.

☞ The necessary absence of the Editor this week, unavoidably defers his action on several communications which have reached the office since he left the city. They will doubtless be fully attended to within the ensuing week.

Earl Rupert, and other Tales and Poems; by James Nack. (New York: George Adlard, 168 Broadway.)—This is an interesting volume, not only as a literary curiosity, proceeding as it does from the pen of *a deaf mute*, but also as a work of genius, which would command admiration, were it from the pen of one possessed of every naturnl faculty.

Notwithstanding the author's deprivation, and his consequent practical ignorance of *sound*, he is not surpassed by any writer, in the perfection of his rhyme and rhythm, and the melody of his verse, (though in these points we were prepared to allow him some latitude;) while the sentiments of which his verse is the channel are much more than moderately poetical. Witness the following exquisite little gem:

"MIGNONNE.

"She calls me 'father!' though my ear
That thrilling name shall never hear,
Yet to my heart affection brings
The sound in sweet imaginings;
I feel its gushing music roll
The stream of rapture on my soul;
And when she starts to welcome me,
And when she totters to my knee,
And when she climbs it, to embrace
My bosom for her hiding-place,
And when she nestling there reclines,
And with her arms my neck entwines,
And when her lips of roses seek
To press their sweetness on my cheek,
And when upon my careful breast
I lull her to her cherub rest,
I whisper o'er the sinless dove—
'I love thee with a father's love!'"

'Earl Rupert' has much of the old ballad-style about it—a style which, though often, as in the present instance, displaying much ability, seldom receives from the general reader the approbation it merits. 'The Romance of the Ring' is distinguished by richness of fancy and beauty of description.

There are several Prose Sketches introduced in the volume, which exhibit a rich vein of humor. The author states that the materials of 'The Bell Song' are, in a great measure, derived from Schiller; but as we find, on comparison with the original, that Mr. Nack's poem is in many parts entirely original, and as what he has borrowed has been employed in a style very different from Schiller's, nothing could be more unjust than to consider Mr. Nack's poem a *mere translation*. Schiller's 'Lay of the Bell' is the address of the master of a bell-foundry to his workmen, in which technical instructions are blended with moral reflections. It commences in the following fashion. We quote the translation of Sotheby:

"Fast immured within the earth,
Fix'd by fire, the clay-mould stands;
This day the bell expects its birth;—
Courage, comrades! ply your hands!

"Hotly from the brow
Must the sweat-drop flow,
If by his work the master's known;
Yet Heaven must send the blessing down."

And thus proceeds through all the technical detail of casting the bell, introducing from time to time, as episodes, descriptions of the various occasions on which the bell will be rung.

The following is the opening of Mr. Nack's rendering of it:

"Above the scenes of earthly labor,
In heaven's clear vault, the blue, the bright,
She swings on high, the thunder's neighbor,
And borders on the world of light,
Where roll the stars in circling mazes,
Her voice responding to their song,
While they repeat their Maker's praises,
And lead the crowned year along.

"Her iron tongue, in earnest measure,
Speaks of the solemn and sublime,
And hourly warns us of the treasure
We hourly waste, unvalued time!
To destiny a voice imparting,
She swings, its changes to proclaim,
And hither, thither, swiftly starting,
Keeps time to life's inconstant game.

"Ring out! ring out a joyous greeting,
In welcome to the lovely child,
Whose little heart begins its beating
In slumber's arms, the undefiled!
His future lot of gloom or splendor
Is curtain'd from his vision tender;
A mother's love, her best adorning,
Keeps watch upon his golden morning.

"Years speed like wind—for scenes of strife
Proud youth from girlhood fiercely sunders,
Plunges into the storms of life,
And wanders through the world of wonders;
A stranger, to his father's home
Returning, lo! in youthful splendor,
All-glorious as angel come
From heaven, with bashful look and tender,
And blushing like the orient skies,
The maiden stands before his eyes!

"His heart is seized with nameless yearning;
He turns aside; alone he strays;
His eyes with sudden tears are burning;
Again he turns to seek her gaze,
And blushingly her pathway traces
Until her greeting makes him blest:
He seeks the fairest flower, and places
Its beauty on her fairer breast!"

Our limits forbid further extracts, but we feel assured that we may safely conclude by recommending this work to our readers;—while to Mr. Nack we would say that, we should like to see the powers he here displays, employed, as we trust they will be, on a work of more weight and importance. Such a work as the one under consideration, shows his *ability* to win enduring fame, but will never secure it for him.

The Youth's Keepsake for 1840.—"At this time, when Charles I. was cruelly betrayed by the leading faction of Scotland into the hands of his *rebellious* Parliament."—So commences this Keepsake for *American* youths, and such is the matter which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, we pirate from England for the edification of our republican Juveniles. And why should we not? It costs us nothing to steal her stale prejudices and tory cant from England, and why should not the minds of our young people be fed on them? why furnish them a more costly article by encouraging native writers, and paying for the inculcation of American principles and sentiment, when, by safe larceny, we can provide for them from the old stock? In a word, why make books, and especially such books as this, dearer by passing an International Copyright law? This is a well-written and most entertaining little volume, and is withall so neatly printed that it forms a very pretty gift to present to a young person. Why, then, do we except to it? Why should aught so quiet, clean and innocent thus kindle our editorial wrath? It contains nothing immoral, nothing offensive to a pure and gentle taste. What *hath* the little book done? Reader, we'll tell you a story:

There was an old Sachem once, who, during the days of the Dutch rule in this province, lived on the west side of the Hudson, right over against the mouth of Wappinger's Creek, which beautiful stream was named after the tribe to which he belonged, as you may see in Mr. Dunlap's excellent History of New-York, just published. This Sachem had an only son, a youth of lively parts—a free, fine, dashing fellow as ever poised a tomahawk or brought down a buck of ten *tines* with arrow of flint. The Sachem, whose occupations of war or the chase prevented him from attending to the education of this lad, further than imparting those things which pertain to the life of a hunter or warrior, placed him in the hands of a notable Sage or Medicine Man who should indoctrinate him in all the historical lore and peculiar traditional associations belonging to his tribe.

Now, as every one knows, the slender records of Indian story are preserved and transmitted by means of belts of wampum, or woven strings of beads, to each string of which a volume of oral narration is annexed, and every bead of which string may be allowed to represent a page of our written books. The Medicine Man, when the youth was given into his charge, was deemed, of course, to have a well-furnished library of these barbarian MSS. or it was presumed that, if not already thus supplied, he would have recourse to the ingenious and diligent men of the Wappinger tribe to make up his collection. But, alas, for the honesty of the wily sage, he neither had the one nor attempted the other; but making a secret expedition to a remote and uncongenial tribe dwelling upon the coast, a people differing entirely in their political organization, and very essentially in their social habits, from the Wappingers, he stole from them a bundle of wampum, through whose agency he began and completed the instruction of the young man.

The strippling in the meantime shot up to manhood. He was admired by his tribesmen, but his popularity with them was neither deep nor steadfast, for he uttered opinions and betrayed habits of thoughts and feeling that continually clashed with theirs.

At last, one day the old man invited the sage who had acted as instructor into his tent, dropped the mat before the door so as to prevent intrusion, lighted his pipe, took seven whiffs, and thus accosted the Medicine Man:

"My son—what does he know?"

"All that I could teach him, and that it becomes a good man to learn. Do you see this string of wampum—how nicely the shells are fitted, each having its appropriate tradition? The Wappingers cannot make such belts as this—yet I have fifty such, and can afford to impart to your son all that pertains to fifty more, for they cost me nothing—I steal them. What a wise Sachem the young Chief will be when the wampum by which he is taught is got so cheaply!"

"What," said the old man, while the ashes in his pipe kindled into a coal as he gave one indignant whiff of astonishment and vexation, "have you then been teaching my son about the kings and nobles of those fishing tribes on the coast, when he should have learned by what means his own tribesmen first obtained their freedom and kept it till this day?—Have you filled his mind with the household words, the national boastings of those who are strangers to his father's hearth? Go, weak and foolish man—go; and learn that I had rather far that my son had been tutored from the rough pebbles with which only the belts of our mountaineers are sown, than schooled in all the foreign lore that is so mystically locked up in those gaudy, glossy strings! Go, man, but take my boy with you—his heart must already be elsewhere, for it is no longer that of a Wappinger." (Otis, Broaders & Co Boston. Collins, Keese & Co. New-York.)

The Beauties of Henry Clay; 1 vol., 18mo. (Edward Walker, 112 Fulton street.)—This little volume consists of selections from the Speeches of Mr. Clay, prefaced by a Biographical and Critical Essay, and is intended as a companion to the popular volume compiled from Mr. Webster's writings, bearing a similar title. The object of the Editor being simply to present to his readers some of the finest specimens of American eloquence extant, he has not admitted into his pages any extract which might offend the prejudices of those who are opposed in political sentiment to the great Western Orator. The following extract from the prefatory Essay, sums up the characteristics of Mr. Clay as an orator, and gives some idea of the literary qualifications which the Editor of the present volume has brought to his task:

"The distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Clay's oratory is brilliancy. His words seem to flash with the spirit he imparts, and his language attracts the mind, and fascinates it with beauty. He seems to possess the singular and desirable faculty of throwing a charm over the most dry and abstract argument. From sentence to sentence, from argument to argument, we glide, wondering only at the varied pleasures which attract us as we pass. Like some noble river, the eloquence of Clay glides, swelling in majesty and grandeur as it rolls. It is singular, too, that when he leaves the direct line of argument, to pour the thunder on some despot foe, or flash the lightnings of indignation on the betrayers of his country, he has always previously prepared the mind for it. There is not the slightest evidence of labor; every thing seems the natural fruit of his mighty mind.

"Though not always as powerful as Webster, he is frequently more brilliant. The majestic eloquence of Webster falls like the avalanche, accompanied with clouds and gloom; the other, like the cascade, sparkling with a thousand gems of beauty. Mr. Clay frequently intersperses his political and forensic efforts, with appropriate allusions to classic times. His mind seems to love to dwell amid the memory of their glory; his imagination, vivid and active, brings them back again to being. He revels and sports in their existence, and is ever drawing from their exhaustless fountain the elements of knowledge. He loves to regard America as the modern land of freedom, and would seek for examples for the imitation of the one, from the renown, the glory, and the arts of the other.

"In argument, Mr. Clay yields to no man at present in the American Senate. His Speeches, generally long, on important subjects, are never tedious. He presents, in a clear and concise manner, the leading points of his subject, nor does he ever shrink from the accomplishment of a duty, if required. He is not afraid to grapple with the intricacies which present themselves. He takes no superficial view of

his theme, detects the fallacies, and strikes at them with a sure and unerring aim. His Speeches, too, evince a profound knowledge, and extensive acquaintance with political science. He loves to point out the errors of despotic and monarchical misrule, and visits the instances afforded with no sparing hand.

"Frequently, too, his Speeches are embellished with passages of deep pathos, so stirring and touching, that they flash to every heart; alternately, he can excite the soul into exultation for past victories, or determination for future defence. He stands, like Prospero, with his magic wand, to call the spirits of power around him.

"Mr. Clay evinces a high order of genius. His sarcasm is always deep and bitter; he spares no part of the subject demanding its exercise. He laughs at the puny attempts to subvert or overthrow him; he seems conscious of playing for a high stake—his country's happiness, and perhaps existence—and he exhibits in their defence the unshrinking courage and desperate firmness of the patriot."

"England, and Other Poems; by William Marsh.—New-York: printed for the Author."—This volume, which has excited such a sensation in the literary world, has at last reached our table, where we hoped long since to have given it welcome. The author, like Byron and Shelly, has had the early productions of his hours of idleness handled somewhat roughly by the press; for of a truth the Wordsworth-like simplicity and nascent freshness of his Muse is much undervalued in his artificial age of prose-producing existence, when

"The bright falchion, which oft hath armies laid
In dust, is changed to plough-share and the shade."

We would observe, however, that

"Faded as thou e'en must be,
Thou art, bright posy, welcome here."

For it is refreshing, amid the grim and verdureless array of discordant being, to find some notes struck in unison with our better feelings by one

"Inspired of the Pierian shade."

We regret that our limits will only allow us to quote thus a line here and there; as it were, a stray blossom floating from the luxuriant trellices of this "Parnassian bower." But could we select any of the longer pieces from this collection, we should delight to place before our readers "A Medley, addressed to the eminent Bards of New-York," in which their striking peculiarities are set forth with a wild energy and free inspiration which reminds us of some of the most bold and daring flights of Gray. We fear, however, that this might be taking a liberty with our author, who, with that noble disdain of all extrinsic aids to renown which distinguish true genius, exclaims ("Like some strong swimmer in his agony"),

"*Let me sink and leave to none,*
The festering links that binds my story!"

The Hesperian, edited by Wm. D. Gallagher; Vol. III, No. 5.—Cincinnati, which, so far at least as literature and science are concerned, most justly arrogates the title of the Queen of the West, has reason to be proud of this excellent periodical. It contains, with many papers of an entertaining character, some of a real, substantial value, that would give weight and respectability to any periodical, and which in themselves convey a compliment to the class of readers to which it addresses itself. Some of these articles upon our Internal Trade, and upon the History and Geology of the West, should be sought and treasured up by all on the Atlantic borders who would keep pace with the grand intellectual and physical developments which are crowding to light in the Valley of the Mississippi.

'An Introduction to Astronomy; designed as a Text Book for the Students of Yale College; by Denison Olmsted, A. M., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy.'—This is probably the most complete and easily intelligible Text-Book in Astronomy which has ever been published. The letter-press extends to 276 large well printed pages, and the illustrations are remarkably graphic and beautiful. Not professed students alone, but those who have leisure only for an occasional excursion into the domain of Science, will find this work admirably adapted to their use, and the vast subject of which it treats presented in a manner at once instructive and interesting. Those, especially, who propose attending Prof. Olmsted's course of Lectures before the Mercantile Library Association, should procure and examine this work. (Collins, Keese & Co. publishers.)

"A Pictorial Geography of the World, No. 1."—This is another of the useful labors of S. G. Goodrich, whose various works for Elementary Education are so popular throughout the country. The work, of which an interesting specimen number is before us, embraces a popular and scientific system of Geography, on the basis of Goodrich's universal Geography. It embodies, with other useful but less entertaining matter, historical sketches, incidents of travelling, traits of character, &c. and is richly illustrated with pictorial embellishments, maps, dingrams, statistical tables, and other aids of learning that must make it generally acceptable to all classes of readers. (Otis, Broaders & Co. Boston. S. H. Colton, No. 122 Broadway, New-York.)

"The New Era, revived by Richard Adams Locke, its original Editor," is the title of a new Administration paper which made its first appearance on Monday morning last.—The old 'New Era,' which for two years past has been the organ of the Administration party in this city, is still continued, and therefore the designation of the new paper is a falsehood, as the other has not become defunct. We cannot but regard the assuming by newspaper proprietors, about commencing a new journal, of the name of an old one, as in the highest degree dishonorable and calculated to lead to great confusion; and we know of nothing in the present case to prevent the application of these remarks.

"The Lady's Annual Register for 1840; by Caroline Gilman."—This work is from the press of Otis, Broaders & Co. and may be had of Collins, Keese & Co. of this city.—We recommend it to the especial favor of all American Country Housewives.

ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

LETTER VI.

To the Hon. N. Jones, M. C. NEW-YORK, Oct. 25, 1839.

Sir,—In pursuit of the doctrine *theoretically* advanced in my last letter, and which I shall take leave to consider as unquestionable, in its consequences, I now proceed to a display of its *practical* effects. Under this implied admission,—and, I here, for the sake of publick edification, respectfully solicit opposition to my views, should its successful application be entertained in the imagination of even *one* of my intelligent hearers:—under such admission, I shall suppose, as one of the most common occurrences in life, that *A* owes to *B* a certain debt,—contracted in the presence of C, before mentioned:—neglecting, at the same time, to demand a receipt for its payment. I shall next suppose B, at some subsequent period, dishonest enough to take advantage of A's negligence; and, redemand the amount of the debt which he has already received; under sanction of the *legal*, but *unequitable* pretext, that A possesses no acknowledgement, on the subject; and, is therefore liable to the penalties of a suit at law, for its repayment. I shall next suppose *B* incapable of reducing his fraudulence to practice, unless aided by the assistance and evidence of C, as the witness of the transaction. I shall, in the next place, suppose the integrity of C to be so far undermined by the cupidity and representations of B, as to induce *him* to collude with *I*, in this disgraceful proceeding: under the promise, and consequent expectation of sharing in the anticipated ill-gotten booty: or, in otherwise advancing his worldly interests; provided he can lull his qualms of conscience, on the occasion; by persuading himself, on the adroit representations of B, that he is absolutely to speak, in the language of "TRUTH: *and nothing but truth*," in shaping his answers to the queries to be submitted by A or his counsel.

Arrangements being thus prepared, and C placed in possession of the theory and its effects, already submitted to your notice, I shall suppose A sued by B, and brought into a court of common *pleas*, in which he is prepared to rest the justice of his cause on the hitherto unimpeached testimony of C. The usual technicalities of question and answer, as they respect direct testimony, or, in other language, as they respect the existence of the debt between B, as the plaintiff, and A, as the defendant, having been effected; and, through which, as a matter of course, C has, in solemn evidence, sworn to his knowledge of the contending parties:—to his knowledge (as perhaps the Clerk of B) of the delivery of goods from B to A, to the amount claimed;—to the nonexistence of a receipt,—such having been neither passed to, nor demanded by *A*, on the subject of the alleged payment of the debt in issue;—to the nonexistence of a credit, in this case, on his books,—as pre-arrangement may order; and, as on inspection, they will show;—and, ultimately, as the grand *desideratum* of the deception,—to his positive knowledge of the fact, that *B was not paid by A.*

Direct examination and proof positive having, so *far*, decided in favor of B's claim on A, I will suppose D, as counsel for *A*, in the full exercise of his ingenuity and earnestness, '*cross* examining' C, as the witness; and demanding from him a *true answer* to the stern question—"*On your solemn oath, was not B paid this debt, in cash, by A, in your presence?*" To which C may, in *substance* and *letter*, if not in spirit, TRULY reply:—that "*B was not paid either in cash or value by A, to his knowledge!*" Observe now the vast difference, by proposing the question of D in its proper form:—"On your oath, was not THIS DEBT *paid by A to B, in your presence?*" HERE, unless *wilful* perjury, both as it respects the *letter* and *spirit* of language, were practised by C, there could be no evasion; and, assuredly, if the language be *correct*, to say, "THE DEBT *was paid*," it must be incorrect to say, "*B was paid*:" inasmuch as the *debt* and *B* are altogether different, distinct, and opposite subjects; and cannot, in this instance, *suffer* the *same* action; nor become liable to the same regimen, and yet preserve the *same effect.*

Let not the apology or objection now be entertained, as of the slightest weight, that, as C *understood* the *meaning* of the question, he was, or would be, as the case may require, as guilty of perjury, as if it had been put in the proper or unexceptionable form. To this observation, I reply—GRANTED. But, as before insinuated, his qualms of conscience *may* not be so far affected, as to induce him to view the case in that light;—nay, a vitiated mind, and particularly, if self interest, as was supposed, be involved,—will easily reconcile to itself the *necessity*, much more the *propriety* of giving a *direct* and *literal* answer, to a *direct* and *literal* question; as is almost universally required, by the despotick and turbulent tone of a garrulous and boisterous lawyer; and thus, without recurrence to much special pleading, easily persuade itself, that the *words* of the querist are to be answered, not his *intentions*: nay, most men, who, to use a common phrase, are "rough handled" by lawyers, plume themselves on the success with which they baffle their searching, irrelevant, and too frequently impertinent inquiries. Besides, where direct testimony only may be required, how easily may this matter be prearranged, between an *interested* witness and a *disingenuous* lawyer.

In reply to all this, I shall anticipate the apparently posing remark, "But, may not the lawyer of the defendant put *his question* into a different form from that which you, to suit your own convenience, and to establish the plausibility of your views, have suggested?" Truly, he may; but does that circumstance, in the slightest sense, prevent the witness whom I have represented, from shaping *his answer* to suit *his own* purpose, in this respect;—particularly, when he *knows*, that neither the lawyer nor court can detect the imposture; as is evident, from the fact, that this deceptive peculiarity has lain hidden to the present day?

I shall now close these remarks, as also this letter, by stating, that, in *numerous* instances which it would, at present, be impolitick to promulgate; and where social intercourse demands a continuous interchange of action and sentiment; the unsuspected peculiarity to which I have, I trust, with due effect, drawn your attention,—may be practically introduced, with impunity, by the insidious and designing; whose feelings are not wholly callous to the twitchings of conscientious accusation: but who, nevertheless, are contented to hush its insulted yearnings, by the insufficient and imbecile, but yet plausible, though self-deceptive apology—that "*their replies have been dictated in the language of truth*; (as they *literally* are,) *and, that they are not further accountable for their import.*" Nor need I scarcely observe, that where the objects of selfishness are likely to be subserved, by this convenient delusion,—little reluctance to its indulgence is likely to be manifested, among minds already predisposed, in this respect. As an efficient remedy, to avert the consequences of the involved and represented evils, I humbly trust, that I shall be conceived neither vain nor selfish when I refer my inquisitive and ingenious readers to my philosophical grammar of the English language. I have the honor to be, Sir, your very obedient servant,

JOSEPH W. WRIGHT.

Gen. Andrew Jackson was killed by Dame Rumor just after our paper of last week went to press. The report was at first believed, and caused considerable sensation, but the rumor has not been confirmed by Nashville advices, and all parties appear to rejoice that the life of the venerable patriot has yet been spared.

Hon. Joseph M. White, formerly Delegate from the Territory of Florida and well known throughout the Union as a distinguished lawyer, died at St. Louis, Mo. on the 19th ult.

Hon. Chauncey Forward, a distinguished citizen of Pennsylvania and for many years a Member of Congress, died at Somerset, in that State, on the 9th ult. aged about forty-six years.

James Jervey, Esq. has been elected President of the State Bank of South Carolina at Charleston.

Rev. W. A. Larned has been elected Professor of Rhetoric in Yale College, Conn.

☞ The Anniversary of the battle at Red Bank, on the Delaware, Cumberland County, in New-Jersey, was celebrated on Thursday by a regiment of militia from Philadelphia, under Col. Bartle. The battle was victoriously fought Oct. 22d. 1777, between 400 American troops under Col. C. Green, and 2000 Hessians under Count Denop, who was taken prisoner. A marble memorial was erected on the spot in Oct. 1829.

Fire at Charleston, Kanawha Co. Va.—From a letter of the Postmaster at Charleston, we are advised of a destructive fire by which those enterprising Stage Proprietors, Messrs. Belden and Walker, have lost (without insurance) their entire Stables, Carriages and sixteen Horses, besides other valuable property.

THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

You generally pick up this mercurial scamp at a watering-place; and when introduced to him by some green master of the ceremonies at the race-ball or the assembly rooms, you are in ecstasies with his good humor, his fashionable air, and sprightly talk. What a flattering desire does he not evince to conciliate your good opinion! How handsomely he gives in to your prejudices, and listens to the oracular words of wisdom that are constantly dropping from your lips! Then his wit, how easy and fertile it is, and free from spleen and malice! Then his hospitality! Can anything be more cordial then the manner in which he invites you to his castle with a hard name, in some remote district of the kingdom! Your eldest daughter, to whom the bulk of your property descends at your death, speaks of him in the highest terms, and so does your wife, to say nothing of your servants, who are one and all devoted to his interests. Is it possible, no matter how close-fisted you may be in your counting-house, that you, having a strong penchant for high life, can refuse a gentleman of whom all parties entertain so favorable an opinion, and who tells you, too, that he is on the most intimate terms with half the aristocracy of the realm—is it possible, I ask, that you can refuse so enviable an acquaintance the small trifle of fifty pounds, to be punctually repaid when his lazy steward remits his usual rents? Assuredly not; and accordingly you give him a check on your banker, after having nearly killed yourself with laughing at one of his droll post-prandial stories of "that capital fellow, Lord Tom;" and a day or two afterward you find, to your astonishment, that your daughter is missing from your breakfast-table! You ring again, and down comes Betty in tears, and as pale as a parsnip—your wife being in a swoon up stairs—and hands you an open note, which she found lying on Miss Leonora's dressing-table, and which informs her disconsolate parents that, not wishing to give them offence, but at the same time entertaining a strong conviction of the duty which she owes to herself, she has set off at day break for Gretna Green with Captain Theodore Augustus Fitz Eustace! This intelligence puts you quite beside yourself with rage. You tear the note to atoms, fling your wig behind the fire, swallow your tea so scalding-hot that you are within an ace of suffocation, and having thus given vent to the sensibilities which the loss of fifty pounds seldom fails to engender in an affectionate bosom, you sit quietly down and console yourself with the reflection, so soothing to your vanity, that you saw through the rascal from the first, but thought it the best way to take no notice until you had got proof positive against him!

CURIOSITY OF THE SHERIFF OF MEKKA.—The sheriff ordered his scribe to be sent for, and to seat himself on the divan. He came bearing in his sash an inkstand girdled with diamonds, from which he took a beautifully decorated reed; and the sheriff, while his eyes glistened with delight, directed him to record all that had been said respecting British India. "We know something of Hindostan," he added, "it supplies Mekka with almost all the articles we consume. We see a great many pilgrims from that country. Your government does not interfere with them. That is just, that is right." He made many inquiries about Europe. "Was there not a very great warrior there some years ago?" "You mean Napoleon Bonaparte." He had not heard his name, he said, but heard of his deeds. "And was he not conquered, and sent away to die in exile?" "He was!" "But—Because there was a greater warrior than he!" "And what was that other warriors name?" "Wellington." "Put that down, put that down," said the sheriff to the scribe. "And what is the name of your king?" "We have no king, we have a queen." "What! a woman! Put that down, scribe! Put that down. "And what is your queen's name?" "Victoria Alexandriana." "And what is the meaning of her name?" "Victoria is your Nasrah, a name given to celebrate the great victory of the great warrior we were speaking of." "Write that scribe. But Alexandrina what is the meaning of that?" Upon which we pointed out the relationship between the royal family of England and the imperial family of Russia, and that in honor of an emperor of the north that the name of Alexandrina was given. But Arabs have no notion of any latitude in name-giving, and we did not succeed in making the reasons clear to the sheriff. It was too remote an association of cause and effect; and he said quietly, "I do not understand this:" but he did not say to the scribe, "Put that down." "But do your people ever see your queen? Does she unveil her face?" "Indeed she does, and a very pretty face it is!" "Mashallah! Put it down, scribe." We had just been reading in the papers an account of the city festival in honor of the queen, and described it to the astonished sheriff as well as we could—the unveiled ladies of the court, the ceremonials, the feasting, the procession, the speechifying. "Mashallah! Mashallah! I must believe it, because you say it! Put it down scribe! put it all down."—*Dr. Bowring's Minor Morals.*

WOMAN'S LOVE.—Poor Joanna La Loca, Crazy Jane, the heiress of Isabella, was born to vast dominions and slender intellect. Her cloying fondness for her handsome husband defeated itself; Philip had married her for her kingdom, not her personal charms, and (like her niece, our Mary) she was by nature melancholy and ungracious. He became wearied, neglectful, and, by insensible degrees, unfeeling; his undisguised infidelities alienated her affections, without destroying the abstract remembrance of her former love. She shed no tear at his untimely death, but sunk into a moody imbecility. Soothed by music alone, all her occupations were merged in watching the remains of her husband. She had formed a vague idea, from some monkish tale, that he would be restored to life—and fed on a hope, which, if realized, would have converted passive sorrow into active misery. She traveled by night, in order that no female eye might behold the coffin. On one occasion, having entered a monastery, as she supposed, upon finding it to be a nunnery, she hurried out into the open country, encamped, and during a storm when the torches were extinguished, opened the coffin to verify the existence of the mouldering corpse—jealous as when, full of beauty, it was her life and joy—

'A sad remembrance fondly kept.'

She obstinately declined all state affairs, which were carried on in her name. She pined continually, and, never telling her grief, for forty-seven long years immured herself in a convent, dead to the world, watching from her window the coffin of her husband, which was purposely so placed in a chapel.

London Quarterly Review.

Exploring Expedition.—We understand that the Exploring Expedition went as far South as lat. 70 and some minutes. Large masses of ice were seen in every direction; and as the winter was coming on, it was not deemed prudent to proceed further at that time. A plenty of right whales were seen in the high latitudes.

Returning to Valparaiso and Callao, the Expedition refitted, and then proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, and were to spend the (Southern) winter in exploring the Pacific islands and shoals. On the return of Spring, say about this time, they were expected to go South again, intending to gain as high a Southern latitude as the state of the ice would permit. Returning from this cruise, in the autumn (next spring) they would visit the Columbia river, Oregon Territory, and the neighboring coast and islands, after which they would return to the United States by way of the Cape of Good Hope. They cannot be expected home much sooner than two years from the present date.

Vegetation in North Carolina.—Gol. Thomas I. Grier of Mecklenburgh County, left at the office of the Charlotte Journal, the other day, an ear of corn, perfectly formed, surrounded by 16 small ears. Col. Joshua Craven of Randolph County has raised an ear of corn measuring 14½ inches in length, and containing 16 rows of 74 grains each—in all 1,204 grains.

This is nothing to the vegetation of Texas, where Major Lebanon Q. Simmons has raised ears of corn so large that the cob served as a bench to sit upon, one end of the ear being thus occupied by the cook as she sat watching the other while roasting.

Kentucky Banks.—The Frankfort Commonwealth of the 22d inst. says:—"The Kentucky Banks have all suspended, and so far as we can observe, the necessity for doing so has appeared so obvious, that their conduct has excited neither surprise nor displeasure. Certainly no panic has been created thereby."

☞ The Friends of Education through the River Counties of this State and in Vermont, are requested to notice the announcement in our columns of an Address on '*Common Schools*,' to be delivered in several towns by Prof. ORVILLE TAYLOR of this City. They need not be urged to hear it.

Lecture to-morrow evening in the 4th Universalist Church, corner of Duane street and City Hall Place.

Subject—"Being cast into outer darkness there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

From the Cleveland Observer.

Common School Assistant.—This is a very valuable monthly paper, for the improvement of Primary School Education. It is published in the city of New-York, and edited by Prof. J. Orville Taylor, whose intellectual efforts for the last few years have been put forth to improve and perfect the system of Common School Education. Mr. Taylor has been more successful than could have been anticipated. His influence has been good, in calling up the attention of parents and guardians of youth to improvements in the construction of school houses, and other external arrangements of schools; in enlisting anew the zeal of teachers in the business of teaching, and introducing those improvements in teaching which promise greater usefulness to the children. Mr. T.'s lectures are every where spoken well of. His suggestions, made from month to month in the Assistant, are highly esteemed; and we do not hesitate to recommend this little sheet to all who feel, or should feel, a peculiar interest in the subject of common schools. Price $1 a year—six copies for $5. The paper is now double size, containing sixteen royal quarto pages.

From the Knickerbocker.

A Rich Contribution from Mrs Sigourney.—'The Girl's Reading Book, in Prose and Poetry, for Schools,' from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, has been placed in our hands by the resident publisher, Mr. J. Orville Taylor, 128 Fulton street. We have read it again with unalloyed gratification, and only regret that the late period at which it reached us, prevents the extended notice which its many merits demand. There are 30 articles, in prose and verse, imbued with those delightful inculcations, for which the author's writings are distinguished, and clothed with the felicitous graces of style which are ever the characteristics of this lady's productions. The book should be in the hands of every school girl in the United States. The present is the ninth edition.

We perceive that the 'Boy's Reading Book,' by Mrs. Sigourney, is also just published by Mr. Taylor. Every boy should have it.

A PROCLAMATION,

By WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Governor of the State of New-York.*

Whereas, the Executive authority of this State has been accustomed, with the consent of the People, to designate a day for the annual offerings of public Thanksgiving and Prayer.

And whereas Almighty God hath not withdrawn from us the protection and beneficence extended to our forefathers, but hath remembered us in mercy during the passing year; hath sent us abundant harvests to reward the labors of the husbandman and supply the wants of the poor; hath averted from us the calamities of war and pestilence; hath suffered us to maintain and more firmly establish republican institutions, securing a larger measure of civil and religious liberty, social tranquillity and domestic happiness, than has ever before been enjoyed by any people; hath crowned with good success the means which have been employed by the State, by associations and by individuals, for the development of the abounding resources of our country, the relief of the unfortunate, the reformation of the vicious, the improvement of education, the cultivation of science, the perfection of the arts, and the maintenance of the Christian religion:

Now, therefore, in pursuance of said custom, I do hereby appoint Thursday, the 28th day of November next, to be observed throughout this State as a *day of Public Worship, Thanksgiving and Prayer* I recommend to my fellow citizens that they abstain on that day from all secular employments inconsistent with a right and acceptable discharge of those solemn services; that they assemble in their usual places of public worship, and there, in the forms and manner approved by their consciences, offer their humble and grateful acknowledgements to the God of the Universe, celebrate his praise, invoke his continued protection and favor, and implore his guidance in the ways of wisdom and virtue. Well knowing that his Providence is as impartial as it is beneficent, let us also beseech him to deliver the oppressed throughout the world, and vouchsafe to all mankind the privileges of civil and religious liberty, and the knowledge, influence and blessed hopes of the Gospel of His Son our Saviour.

In testimony whereof I have caused the privy seal of the State to be hereunto affixed, at the city of Albany, on the 23d day of
[L.S.] October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, and of American Independence the sixty-fourth.

By the Governor,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

SAMUEL BLATCHFORD, Private Sec'y.

NOTICE.

I will deliver an Address on '*Common Schools*' at the following places, and at times here stated:

Carmel, Putnam Co.	N. Y.	on Thursday Evening,	November	7
Fishkill, Duchess Co.	"	Saturday	"	9
Rhynebeck,	"	Monday	"	11
Red Hook, (upper,)	"	Tuesday	"	12
Kingston, Ulster Co.	"	Thursday	"	14
Stockbridge,	Mass.	Saturday	"	16
Lee,	"	Tuesday	"	19
Pittsfield,	"	Thursday	"	21
North Adams,	"	Friday	"	22
Williamstown,	"	Saturday	"	23
Bennington,	Vt.	Monday	"	25
Manchester,	"	Wednesday	"	27
Rutland,	"	Friday	"	29
Poultney,	"	Saturday	"	30
Castleton Village,	"	Monday,	Dec.	2
Middlebury,	"	Wednesday	"	4
Vergennes,	"	Friday	"	6
Burlington,	"	Monday	"	9
Montpelier,	"	Thursday	"	12
Chelsea,	"	Saturday,	"	14
Norwich,	"	Tuesday	"	17
Woodstock,	"	Wednesday	"	18
Windsor,	"	Thursday	"	19
Bellows Falls,	"	Saturday	"	21
Brattleboro',	"	Tuesday	"	24
Greenfield,	Mass.	Thursday	"	26

The Friends of Education are respectfully requested, in each of the above places, to provide a room (a Church is commonly used) for the meeting, and announce the Address as generally as possible, through the Pulpit and the Press, and by hand-bills.

J. ORVILLE TAYLOR,
Secretary of the Am. Com. School Society.

Married,

Oct. 29, by Elder Isaac N. Walter, Alfred P. Smith to Maria Winchester, both of this city.

Oct. 30, Rev. Philip M. Brett, of Nyack, Rockland Co. to Cornelia, daughter of Cornelius Bogert, Esq.

Oct. 31, John V. N. Simonson to Sarah M. Wilson, both of this city.

Also, John W. Gelchrist, of this city, to Jeretta E. Simonson, of Jamaica, L. I.

At Nelson, N. Y. Oct. 9, George H. Garrett, of Mulberry, Ala., to Luna S. daughter of Joseph Case of Nelson.

At Trumansburgh, N. Y. Aug. 26, Lemuel D. Branch to Mary K. McLallen.

At West Alexandria, Oct. 17, E. Burke Fisher, Esq. Editor of the Pittsburgh Saturday Evening Visiter, to Miss Narcissa M'Kerman, of West Alexandria.

Oct. 1, John S. Richards, Editor of the Reading Journal, to Nancy D. O'Brien, of Philadelphia.

Died,

Oct. 26, Isabella N. Coffey, aged 15.

Oct. 27, Harriet, wife of William Blanchard, aged 47.

Oct. 28, William Morrell, aged 31.

Oct. 29, James Boscawen, Esq. aged 39.

Oct. 31, Matilda, wife of Wm. A. Burke, aged 30.

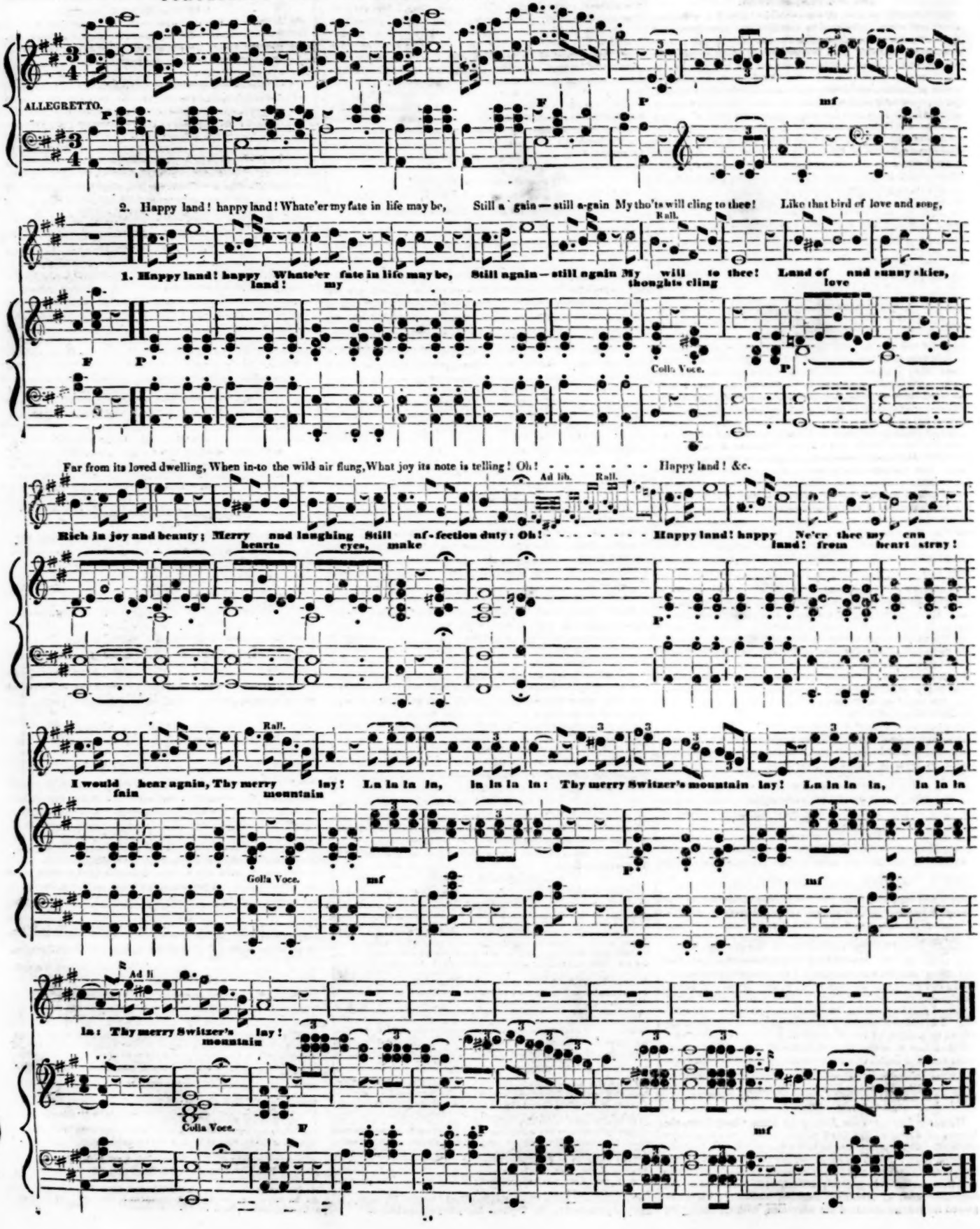
Also, Joseph Olmstead, aged 22.

At Jersey City, Oct 31, Mrs. Francis Edge, aged 62.

At Westfield, Chautauque Co., Oct. 25, Maria, wife of B. J. Seward, Esq. brother of Governor Seward.

At Bloomfield, N. J., Oct. 29, John Osborn, aged 70.

At St. Augustine, Oct. 16, R. A. Henderson, Rector of the Episcopal Church of said place.

HAPPY LAND.

TYROLIENNE—SUNG BY MISS SHIRREFF—COMPOSED BY E. F. RIMBAULT.